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# THE DARK SQUARE

Wit matches wit in a final tense battle as our exciting serial comes to its thrilling conclusion

MARJORIE GILLESPIE all but fainted when she realised that the man beside her in the car, the man who had so chivalrously rescued her from her kidnappers, was not Adrian Mawley, but Captain Eric von Gerne. Bitter disappointment and complete bewilderment seized on her, draining away her last ounce of resistance.

Von Gerne sensed this and it pleased him. His quarry had given him a lot of trouble one way and another; now he did not expect any more. With this gratifying thought causing a smile on this thin face he began to look for the fork in the road where Hilda would be waiting.

He noticed a white heap of stones that stood near to the road fork, and immediately began to slacken speed.

Instantly something cold and hard and circular was pressed against the back of his neck and a level voice said: "Keep going, von Gerne, or I'll blow the top of your head off."

It was a very great relief to Adrian to say those words and to put all the venom into them that he could, for he had had a very uncomfortable time for the past half-hour.

When he had put his cycle in the shed at the back of "The Lonely Soldier" estaminet Adrian's one thought had been to get something to eat and drink, but the completely unexpected sight of von Gerne coming out of the back door of the place had driven all that from his mind.

Von Gerne had hesitated for a moment and then crossed quickly to his car; and Adrian did not know what to do about it. Trusty ally though his bicycle had been it was not of much use in chasing a forty horse-power car.

And then the gods relented. To Adrian's astonishment the car did not start off into the darkness. Instead, von Gerne got out and went back into the estaminet.

"Forgotten something," Adrian whispered gleefully to himself, "by all that's holy, he's forgotten something." He waited until the dandified figure had disappeared into the

estaminet and then streaked across the dark yard and peered into the back of the big car. It was empty, and on the floor in front of the rear seat was precisely what Adrian wanted to see—a dark mass of rugs. He climbed quietly in and crouched on the floor, arranging the rugs in what he hoped was artistic confusion over him.

He was surprised when von Gerne halted the car after a short run, and further surprised when they waited there, the engine running quietly and von Gerne apparently just sitting in the driving seat.

When the stranger's voice came it meant nothing to him, but von Gerne's inquiry was full of meaning—and hope.

"Have you got the girl?"

"Have you got the money?" the strange voice asked in counter query.

Apparently von Gerne had got the money, and there was an interval while it was handed over and examined.

"Wait," the other said, "and I'll send her to you."

Again they waited. The sequence of events was beginning to make sense to Adrian, though what Marjorie Gillespie had been doing to be ransomed by von Gerne he could not imagine. The next words he heard made him start. "Mr. Mawley, it's frightfully, frightfully good of you."

"Jump in."

He was desperately afraid that she would not jump in, but realising that the voice was not his, run off. It was clear to him now that von Gerne was doing an impersonation.

"Sorry, it's my hands, they're tied."

Nothing was answered to this, and the car started again.

What next? Adrian speculated, and before two minutes had passed he was aware, by some strange telepathy, that Marjorie was beginning to sense danger. There was an acuteness in the atmosphere and her tentative "Mr. Mawley—" caused the storm to break.

... your young English friend wasn't quite smart enough.

Under the hot, stifling heap of

rugs Adrian grinned and grinned grimly. ... maybe the young English fool was going to be a shade smarter than they had given him credit for after all. He wondered how long he could afford to hold his hand; and when, within a few minutes, the car began to slow down, his question was answered for him.

Very cautiously he extricated himself from the smothering rugs, and taking his fountain-pen from his breast pocket he pressed the end of it hard behind von Gerne's ear.

And he put every ounce of concentrated savagery he possessed into his words when he whispered, "Keep going, von Gerne, or I'll blow the top of your head off."

Neither the man nor the girl sitting in front had ever heard more startling words, words which came apparently out of an empty black void behind them. Nor was there any doubt about the tone of voice. It was the tone of voice of a man fully prepared to blow the top of anybody's head off. Von Gerne did not waste a split second in optimistic speculations about the thing being a bluff. He had been in tight corners before and recognised the symptoms.

"The ubiquitous Mr. Mawley, isn't it?" he said coolly. "If you mean what you say, Mr. Mawley, you will have to fire, because I can't help the car stopping. I'm running out of petrol."

"I don't believe it. You wouldn't be such a fool as to come on a trip like this short of petrol."

"Thanks for the compliment. And, incidentally, you are quite right. I wouldn't. I've got lots of petrol, five gallons of it, in the reserve tank. But to switch on to the reserve tank I've got to stop the car and get out."

And at that moment the car stopped. It was a brave act of von Gerne's, and perhaps an even braver one which made him lean forward and, accidentally apparently, put his elbow on the horn switch.

"Get off that klaxon," Adrian growled.

Von Gerne obligingly did so with an easy "Sorry. You've made me rather nervous."

Adrian was in the sad position of the bluffer whose bluff has been called; and even worse than that



"I'll use this revolver if you move," a woman's voice assured Adrian.

for he did not know whether his bluff actually had been called or not. "Get out, von Gerne," he ordered, "and stand by the door, keeping it open. And don't forget that if you play any tricks you get a bullet in you."

Von Gerne did precisely as he was told and stood by the driving wheel door, holding it open. Adrian got out of the rear door and stood by the other man in the dark doorway.

"Get to work on that reserve tap," he ordered, "and if it takes you more than a couple of minutes it will be just too bad for you."

"You are not very generous with your time allowances," von Gerne complained as he turned and bent over the bonnet.

Adrian watched that action with

a bit. Lend a hand Hilda, and get him in the back of the car. We must be moving.

Adrian recovered consciousness in the back of the car, aided by a severe jolting over a particularly bad stretch of road.

He felt very groggy. Von Gerne had not been gentle with the spanner, and the knock-out blow coming at the end of many hours without adequate food had done Adrian no good at all.

When they finally came to a halt and von Gerne curtly ordered him out of the car he had the greatest difficulty in standing, and was only too glad to slump down again into a seat the moment they got into the building.

Looking round he found that he knew the room that they were in—the living-room of Mountain Farm, where, an interminable time ago as it now seemed, he had drunk with von Gerne and crossed swords with him in the first rounds of their encounter.

He looked across the room to where Marjorie Gillespie, her hands still tied behind her, sat.

"Sorry, Miss Gillespie," he said. "I've made rather a hash of things. My knight-errant act has turned out a flop."

Von Gerne laughed.

"A very great flop, my friend," he said. "It might interest you to know, incidentally, that if you ever get back to Charneck alive, which is very unlikely, you will find yourself arrested for murder. And there's no old-fashioned nonsense here about being innocent until you are proved guilty. Once you are charged you have got to prove yourself innocent, and I don't think you would find it at all easy in front of a Turanian jury."

Please turn to page 4

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# MARIMBA from MANHATTAN

By RICHARD ENGLISH

ORVILLE BENSON weighed well over two hundred pounds, very little of which was muscle, and when neatly done up in his dinner jacket he looked like a very successful organ manufacturer indeed.

Everyone on the boat felt it was fitting that he should have met Miss Gloria Tronsen, the lovely opera singer, and promptly succumbed to her charms.

Orville was no old hand in the romance department and was quite upset to find the whole boat watching his courtship with an interest that was almost indecent. On their last night out, however, he could no longer restrain his emotions.

"There's something I must tell you, Gloria," he said. "I—I have become very fond of you. Perhaps even fond is too mild a word."

"Oh, Orville!" she said. Her lovely full face was turned towards him. "You don't know how that makes me feel!"

Orville threw caution to the winds. "I want very much to see you again in Rio. While I realise the difference in our positions—"

"Don't," she said, putting her fingers against his lips. "Don't talk that way, Orville. When I think of you being brought clear to Rio to install one of your own pipe organs—"

She raised her starry gaze to his. "I can't wait to see it in the cathedral, Orville. I can just see you, the sun streaming through the stained glass—"

"Cathedral?" he said hoarsely. Then, rallying, he managed a smile, as if cathedral organs were an old story to Orville Benson. Somehow he had to pass it off casually, as if it were a mere oversight on his part that he had not gone into all the details of his commission in Rio. While it was true he had told her it was a cathedral-size job, he hadn't actually said it was a church order.

"It's so fitting to think of the work you're doing," she went on dreamily. "Do you know the thing I like best about you, Orville? You're the only man I've ever known who was interested only in the better things of life."

Orville felt suddenly faint. This was obviously no time to give her the full orchestration. "I—I'm glad you feel that way," he said weakly. He coughed. "I just remembered I still have some packing to do. Don't you think we'd better turn in now, Gloria?"

When he was safely back in his stateroom with the door securely bolted, he took out the installation plans again. To-night he trembled at the mere sight of those blueprints. Gloria, the symbol of all that was good and sweet, was being wooed by a man whose whole life was a lie.

She must never learn that Orville Benson's master achievement was being installed in South America's biggest gambling casino. Orville was very grateful that Gloria was not on hand to witness his introduction to Rio. He had remained in his stateroom while the steamer slowly made its way up the bay and he was still there, morbidly considering ways and means of making a clean breast of it all, when the landing whistle blew. He wondered what he would say to Gloria when he saw her ashore. Before he could decide, his melancholy was rudely intruded upon.

The stateroom door flew open and the largest, not to mention most formidable, man Orville had ever seen surged into the room and was joyously welcoming him to Rio.

"You have brought the pipe organ, no?" boomed the caller. Orville nodded nervously and Senhor Alveras clapped him on the back.

"Ah," he said happily, "that at last it comes!"

He beamed on Orville. "Three weeks you have until my casino opens! Then all Rio shall hear our marimbas, eh, senhor?"

Orville stared at him, wondering how he would ever dare venture into the sun when it could do this to someone the size of Senhor Alveras. There had been no mention of marimbas in the organ order. Orville had a low opinion of them anyway, regarding them as little better than Mexican xylophones, and certainly nothing to be found in the better organs.

"There wasn't anything in the contract about marimbas," he said desperately. "Not a word, senhor!"

The senhor shrugged his massive shoulders. "Everyone knows always organs have marimbas. Beside, what is a contract among friends?"

"Not a thing," Orville admitted bleakly.

There was only one thing he could do. Smothering his artistic objections, he would cable that very day and the marimba attachment would be on hand for the opening. It had to be. The full payment was to be made only after the installation and full approval of Senhor Alveras, who obviously was not the type who could take his marimbas or leave them alone.

Winning, Orville said, "You need have no fears, senhor. There shall be marimbas such as Brazil has never heard."

The casino itself exceeded Orville's darkest expectations. The organ was to be placed at the left of the stage on which the entertainers would perform. Once the organ was installed, the Casino Carioca would be formally opened to the public.

Orville was so overwrought that he plunged into the installation the very next morning, having already received a cable assuring him that the marimba attachment would arrive three days before the opening.

NOT until all the equipment had been moved into that huge, gilded dining-room did Orville even let himself think of Gloria. She would be so busy with her rehearsals, he told himself, that she probably hadn't even missed him.

To his sweet anguish he learned she had missed him very much indeed. He took her to dinner on the night the first pipes were erected, and she actually clung to his arm as he escorted her to the car that was to take them to Joa. "Oh, Orville," she said, "I thought you were never going to call!"

He had observed she seemed somewhat distraught. "I've been so upset," she said unsteadily. "It's not at all like I expected here. It's been just awful. My impresario is nothing but a brute!"

Orville patted her hand. "There, there," he said soothingly. "We all have our troubles, Gloria. My own work has not been without its difficulties. There was a slight misunderstanding as to the equipment."

The drive along the bay was cool and comforting. Orville was so undone at this intimate moment between them he no longer worried about certain facts that must be kept from her gentle ears.

Instead, he began giving her a preview of his emotions. To his horror she promptly burst into tears. "Don't mention marriage now, Orville," she said. "It could never be!"

He somehow managed to survive the awful week that followed. During the day, unhappily aware of Senhor Alveras' cold and watchful



Surveying the band, Orville realised that he couldn't have picked a worse one.

carefully measuring each precious bit of space.

Reassured, he sped to the offices of El Mundo, the city's largest paper. Practically tearing his dictionary apart in his anxiety, he managed to make up his advertisement. With poignant simplicity it said that any first-class marimba orchestra seeking a one-night stand could secure same by reporting to the Praça Flamengo the following morning, bringing their instruments for an audition.

Even his worst nightmare was preferable to the sight that greeted him at the park next morning. To his horror he saw that apparently all Rio was addicted to giving out on marimbas. The park was jammed with everything from three-men to seven-men organisations. There were at least a hundred of them.

The organ loft could only accommodate a four-man combo and

slender ones at that. Finally locating such a group, Orville sidled up to them. Forcing his courage, "Please to play," he said.

The combo took a firm grasp on their mallets and then, as one man, leaped into "Beat Me, Daddy."

Those opening bars, heralding Orville's presence as they did, sent every other marimba orchestra into immediate and violent action. No two of them had chosen the same audition number and the results were as horrifying as they were unexpected.

Only the arrival of mounted police, hastily summoned by the frightened dwellers in the neighboring houses, enabled Orville to escape before he was permanently deafened. While the officers grimly sought to restore law and order, Orville snatched the nearest four-man combo and disappeared in the shrubbery.

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## The Dark Square

Continued from page 2

ADRIAN'S swimming, splitting head was beginning to clear sufficiently for him to take an interest in what was being said.

"I wonder just how you worked that," he said. "It must have been rather smart."

"Who was it who was murdered, by the way?"

Von Gerne laughed. "It's comical that you don't even know that. Your little blonde friend, our little blonde friend, perhaps I ought to say—Polly."

"Polly Linder?"

"Miss Polly Linder. I didn't kill her. I don't believe in killing people until it's necessary. All I wanted was a pleasant evening with her, and I was just beginning to have one when Hilda turned up and lost her temper—"

The woman's face was white and set.

"If you would stop this posturing and crowing," she said, "there is work to do. You seem to forget that. Why doesn't he come?"

Von Gerne glanced at his elegant wrist-watch.

"Because, my dear Hilda, it isn't time." He looked across to Adrian again and resumed his bantering tone.

"Hilda is cross," he went on, "at being reminded of her jealousy. Beware of jealous women, Mawley. Oh, I was forgetting, it's not much use giving you advice, is it, if you are not going to have any opportunity of benefiting by it? Hilda should have stayed here to look after your friend, our friend, Miss Gillespie. Instead of doing that she was fool enough to follow me to my flat, and worse fool enough to work herself into a fit of insane jealousy when she found me there with Polly Linder. She whipped out her revolver and shot her before I could get a word in edgeways."

"Luckily there was nobody else in the flats at the time. They were all out dining, or at the theatre, or somewhere. I had to think quickly and act quickly, Mawley. In fact, I recommend what was done in twenty minutes as a model of how to get out of an exceedingly difficult situation by acting boldly enough."

"My car was downstairs and between us we helped Polly into it. Nobody saw us, luckily. If they had done I was ready with a story that she had fainted and we were taking her to a doctor. When we got to where you live there were more people about and we had to wait our chance. But it came all right, and we got her upstairs and left her outside your door. I couldn't be sure how things would work out, of course, but I would rather you had a bit of trouble on your doorstep than I."

"Kind of you," Adrian said.

"Smart of me. Because, as I said, even if you get back to Charneck—which, incidentally, you won't—you will be wanted for murder."

Adrian nodded. "Can't you cut all this cackle," he asked, with an indifference he was far from feeling, "and get on with the next act? I'm getting bored."

Von Gerne chuckled softly.

"You won't have much longer to be bored, my friend," he said. He glanced at his watch and nodded at Hilda. "You can get him now and tell him we are ready to start."

The woman handed him her revolver, and taking care to move at the back of his chair went towards the door.

She opened it and went out; a second later the three people inside were startled by a piercing scream...

Von Gerne started to his feet, but as he did so the door opened. In the doorway stood Dicky Horder as cheerful and irrepressible as ever.

"Well, well, well," he said, looking round, "quite a little party."

But Adrian was watching von Gerne and the revolver in his right hand.

Dicky's hands were empty. If he was armed he was very cleverly concealing the fact. Von Gerne smiled when he saw those empty hands and his own right hand began to come slowly up. He was going to run no risks at all, and he took three quick steps across the room to bring him just as near to Dicky as he wanted to be.

It was a fatal mistake to try to make as sure as all that. Adrian, who quite certainly could not have fought one round against a semi-

paralysed blind man, crammed all the strength that he had left into a single act. He shot out his right foot in a vicious sweeping kick, which caught von Gerne just above his ankle.

He stumbled forward, looked like knocking his eye out on a table edge and instinctively clutched at it with his right hand to save himself. The revolver clattered to the floor and skidded under the table. It was in no-man's-land now, ungettable by either man except after a scramble, and the two faced each other.

Dicky broke the silence with a laugh.

"All right," he said, "let the gun stay there. I haven't got one either. Let's mix it."

Pat on his words he danced into the middle of the room and pro-



"The doctor told him to relax when he slept."

ceeded to put them into effect. It was brilliant mixing. Von Gerne was no coward and he was prepared to fight, but he was up against something altogether out of his class.

He was out-generalled, out-gunned, and out-fought from the start. In six minutes' time he had been given one of the most thorough pastings Adrian had ever seen any man get, and ended by sliding to the floor unconscious.

Adrian felt like cheering. "Good work, Dicky. What about the woman?"

"She's all right. Unless she's a contortionist. I was waiting in the passage with a bit of rope when she came out and sort of tied her up. I think it rather startled her."

"There should be somebody else in the house."

"Your friend with the pipes? He can wait for a bit. I've got him tied up in that room at the end of the passage."

"You seem to have had a busy evening."

"Fair. Who's the lady?"

"Oh, sorry. I was forgetting that you didn't know each other. This is Marjorie Gillespie—Dicky Horder."

Marjorie smiled and said, "Perhaps you wouldn't mind untying my arms."

"I'm a wizard with bits of rope," Dicky said, and crossing the room undid the cord.

"I think we'll make a job of it and tie up our friend here who seems to be coming round a bit," he said. He crossed the room, turning the German face downwards on the floor, tied his wrists behind him. Then he searched for the revolver, picked it up, and slipped it into his pocket, "just in case," as he said.

"By the way," he asked Adrian, "you didn't shoot up that blonde in Charneck, did you? Balkie's no end worried about it."

"No. I gave up shooting blondes a long time ago. The lady who did that is outside in the corridor."

"H'm—well, the Charneck gendarmerie is pretty hot on the fact that it was you who did blonde in. They may yet take some convincing on the point. They were fairly buzzing round your flat all the next day. I was there, too, in the role of undistinguished but interested spectator, and I managed to glean the fact that your car had been found in Troghen."

"So with Balkie's blessing off I went to Troghen hotel. I didn't get there much before evening and there was a species of a good-sized riot in progress."

"A fiesta."

"Is that what they call it? It looked good to me. I shall come back to Troghen another time when I've nothing on hand, and can devote my attention to the thing. I soon found out that an Englishman, a dangerous murderer, had been in jug and had escaped, after killing half-a-dozen guards, as far as I could make out."

"A slight exaggeration, but a pleasing tribute to my bit of melodrama. Go on."

"What's more, I got hold of a cheerful little fairy who had been with three of her pals in one of those tableau things when one of them threw a rose at your ugly mug sticking out through the bars. I didn't find this out till the Lord knows what hour in the night and then she didn't know where this rose-throwing beauty lived; but she promised, if I was nice to her, to find out for me in the morning."

"Were you nice to her?"

"I found out the address. But not quite soon enough. When I got there you had gone, together with your girl friend, so the old boy in charge told me. At least, that's what I thought he told me, but I had the deuce of a job to understand him. Still, I plugged away at it, trying to find out where you had vanished to. All I could get out of the old chap was that when you put up there for the night you were asking for a place called Mountain Farm."

"When I asked if he knew where it was he laughed and said that any farm thereabouts was a mountain farm as far as that went. That didn't seem to be very helpful until I suddenly remembered what you had told us in Feathers' room that day about having a look round von Gerne's place called Mountain Farm, near Insfarne. It was a long shot, but it was the only shot I had to take it. It took me longer than I liked to find Insfarne and his place, and when I got here there didn't seem to be anybody about."

"I took the liberty of walking in and having a look round, and I very soon ran the dog fox to earth—"

"Doing a jig-saw puzzle?" Marjorie put in.

Please turn to page 8

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## MARRIAGE MARKS the SPOT

**H**IS mind full of dreary thoughts, Ray Rivers lay on his back, stretched out on the hotel bedspread.

"Hey, Micky!" he called. "Come here a minute."

Micky came out of the bathroom, half man and half lather.

Ray said, "How about it? Ask your girl has she got a friend." He craned up to see the answer, a violent headache meaning "No."

"If you'd let me meet her, I could give you the dope on her. Women can't fool me." He sighed and lay back. "I don't know what to do with myself to-night."

Micky wiped a speaking space around his lips. "Do I have to be your nurse?" he said, very loud. "We're going to the fights together to-morrow night, aren't we? To-night you can find something to do yourself. To-night I'm taking out Laurie Jenkins, and I'm doing it alone." He went back into the bathroom.

Ray yelled after him, "Micky, you don't want to get in too deep with this babe!"

It wasn't the first time he had steered Micky off some brewing romance; Micky was susceptible. But this time Ray didn't seem to be doing much good, and it worried him.

Micky Krile was the mid-western representative of Bo-Brummel, Men's Quality Belts and Garters. Like Ray, who represented True-Tried Plumbers' Tools, he travelled his territory by automobile.

Ray had taught Micky everything he knew about selling, which was plenty.

Of course, about women it was an easy job; what Ray didn't know about women wasn't worth learning.

"Maybe she says she's twenty-two," he would advise, "but she's giving herself a thirty per cent. discount." Or, "Leave that one alone; she's got a brother six-foot-two and he eats raw meat."

But the last few times they had made Sienna it hadn't been so good. At least for Ray. It had started in January. Micky had had dinner at a customer's house, and had come back to announce that the customer had a daughter. A honey. By March he was writing her letters and giving her forwarding addresses. In May he had made an extra trip just to see if she was as nice as he remembered.

Ray watched grimly as Micky came out of the bathroom, his skin a fresh, bright pink. "Just tell me something, Micky," he asked. "How far have you gone with this girl?"

Micky turned from the mirror. "No kidding, Ray," he said. "I want to get off the road. I want a home."

"You're just beginning to connect."

Ray sat up, dropped the gagging. "You'd be nuts to tie up with a woman. You already asked her?" He avoided the word "marriage."

Marriage was the X which marked the spot where good guys disappeared.

Micky wasn't afraid of the word. "It's natural for guys to want to get married. I'm going to ask her as soon as I get the nerve."

Ray lay down again morosely. "Boogie-boogie-blah," he said.

So all evening Ray played the pinball machine in the lobby by himself.

Next morning at breakfast Micky said uncomfortably: "Her folks invited me to supper to-night."

"Oh?" said Ray. "I thought we were going to the fights to-night."

In silence they drank their second cups of coffee.

"Want to walk down to Plain Street with me?" Micky said.

"No," Ray said. "I'm going back up to the room. I got stuff to take care of."

"You're not sore about to-night? About me ditching you?" Micky said.

"Don't you worry about a thing," Ray said, "not a thing at all." He had just decided what to do.

Whistling, he went up to his room, called the residence of Mr. Russell Jenkins.

When the young, soft voice said, "Hello," Ray became very serious and sober. "Is that Miss Laurie Jenkins? Well, this is Ray Rivers, Micky Krile's friend."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I've heard all about you from Micky."

"Micky asked me to call you," he said sadly. "He won't be able to be with you folks for supper to-night. His home office called him back to Chicago right away. He had to take the seven-fifty-five this morning."

"Oh," she said, "I'm so sorry."

I'll bet you are, Ray thought; you were pulling up the net and the fish got away. There was a pause. "If you haven't anything to do, won't you come?" she asked. "Micky has talked about you to my mother and father, and I feel as though we know you. Please come."

Well, why not? he asked himself. "Okay, thanks," he said.

He sold the plumbers of Sienna twice as large a bill of goods as he had expected to, and was careful to return to the hotel room before Micky came in. Grinning, he almost cut himself as he shaved.

The joy stopped abruptly when Micky came in. "Say, guy," he said, "too bad you didn't get here fifteen minutes ago. Laurie called to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

"Well, one of their aunts or cousins or something took sick, and the whole family left right away to be with her in case she died."

Micky held a box of candy, elaborately wrapped. He put it down in a kind of sick shock. After a moment he said, "Well, I guess we can still get tickets for the fights."

"Gee, that's a shame," Ray said. "But I thought as you were going to be busy I'd go out and have supper with some customers. Naturally, I couldn't break the date now."

In a few minutes, lean and im-

maculate, he was ready to leave. Micky sat on the bed, watching him dully.

Ray picked up the box of candy. "Guess you won't be needing this, will you, kid? I forgot to buy some. Mind if I take it where I'm going?"

The Jenkins residence was a small house set deep in black bushes.

A demure-looking girl in a dark frock opened the door to Ray. "You must be Ray," she said. "Here, let me have your hat. I'm Laurie."

He presented the box of candy, glad he had it to give.

"Mother," she called, "Mr. Rivers is here." And in a minute out came a tiny woman with greying hair.

Ray shook hands with her. Respectfully he thought, "They even use mothers-in-law as bait these days. A girl's mother ought to look terrible, just to warn you what your wife might look like someday."

"Laurie," Mrs. Jenkins said, "you take Mr. Rivers right in the living-room. I'm just finishing supper."

And that reminded Ray, Crums, how good the house smelled! Leave it to women to attract a guy with the smell of home-roasted chicken.

He followed Laurie into the living-room and dashed if there wasn't just the kind of father-in-law you might actually like, sitting in an easy chair reading the paper.

"Daddy," Laurie said, "here's Mr. Rivers."

Mr. Jenkins put down his paper and, grunting, put on his shoes. From the way he put his shoes on, you could tell he wasn't hesped.

He didn't act scared.

It's the old home-setting tech-

*It's the old home-setting technique, Ray thought as he took a cigarette.*

But she said, "Well, you see, I've never travelled much, and I'd love to. So I wish you'd talk about the places you've been and the things you've seen."

That almost took him in.

There was nothing in the world he would have enjoyed more than giving Laurie Jenkins a travel talk. But he didn't.

"No," he said, "I guess I talk too much, anyway. You keep on talking to me." If I don't talk, it'll be easier for me to keep my head, he thought.

They went back into the living-room and it was Home, Sweet Home in cross-stitch. Pop was playing solitaire, and Mom was knitting a sweater for a soldier some place.

Well, it was like a movie. At ten-thirty

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins said good-night and went upstairs to bed. They both said, "Come again, Mr. Rivers," as though they meant it.

Laurie turned most of the lamps off.

Before he knew what he was doing Ray found himself asking: "Laurie, are you as nice as you seem? I mean what are you like on the inside?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He sat on the fireside chair looking at the very pleasing way her hair was parted. "Supposing—well, well, supposing you were married and your husband wanted to go out at night. Would you let him go or would you holler murder?"

"I'd go with him," she said.

He rubbed his nose. That answer didn't tell a thing. He tried again. "Supposing you and Mick—that is, you and your husband had a fight. Would you run right home to mother?"

"No, why should I? I can stick up for myself," she said.

"Did you ever realise, Laurie," he said, "how you'll get married and put the books into some poor guy and tie him down and make him support you for the rest of your life? In order for you to get married, some poor sap's got to give up his freedom. Give up his plans, give up himself."

"You certainly have had a hard life, haven't you?" she said. "You're just plain cynical." Thoughtfully, she added, "You know what I think? I think you're lonesome."

He didn't have time to get set and tell her that if he was cynical he was lucky, and as far as being lonesome—why—why—For, compelling and overloud in the quiet house, the doorbell rang.

Laurie started to her feet. Ray thought, It can't be; it just can't be.

It could be! It was! In the hall stood Micky.

"Micky!" Laurie flew towards him. "When did you get back?"

Without looking at her, Micky advanced on Ray.

"I was lonesome, so I thought I'd drive by the Jenkins' house. I saw your car out in front."

"You mean," Laurie said, "you weren't gone at all?"

Ray thought, This is what I get for being a hero—for saving Micky from himself.

"I guess I'd better be going," he said, a little weakly.

The lobby of the Sienna Hotel was deadly quiet. Across it came Micky in person. He headed straight for the pinball machine and Ray.

"Hello," Ray said. "Do I say congratulations?"

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### By LIBBIE BLACK

Ray thought as he took a cigarette from Laurie.

Then came the meal. If Mrs. Jenkins had been talking to his mother she couldn't have done it better.

"I haven't had a dinner like this since I graduated from high school," Ray remarked, in spite of himself.

After the meal Laurie said, twinkling, "Maybe you'd like to come out in the kitchen and watch me while I do the dishes, Ray? It would give us a chance to get acquainted."

Well, what could he do? It was kind of fun, watching how well she used her hands. So he laughed with her while she instructed him.

Finally she said, "I guess I seem silly to be talking so much. I wish you'd talk a while, if you're not too tired to."

"What do you want me to talk about?" Bitterly, he expected her answer. What she'd want was for him to talk about Micky.

## Adventure romance

By

## WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

**A**MANDINE THIERS sat tensely in a deep chair in her father's cool library. The light that filtered through the heavy shutters was dim; shadows rippled on the walls, caressing the high shelves of old books. In the pearl-colored half darkness the girl in the chair seemed frail; her face was an unrelieved white, the whiteness accentuated by the shining, intense black of her hair, of her delicate eyebrows.

But the illusion of frailty was very quickly dispelled when she moved and when she spoke. Her body was slender, yet there was strength in it. And her voice was firm. She was very young—not twenty.

"Yes, Father," she said, her voice low, "I am listening to you."

Henri Thiers stood before her, his barrel legs wide apart, his red beard, cut like a spade, thrust out at a defiant angle. He was a big man, Thiers; and a successful one. There was, in fact, no more successful merchant in the flourishing West Indian island of Tortuga. His massive, thick-walled house on the green hill above the port of Cayona offered a material and irrefutable statement of his shrewd industry.

The gardens gave Henri Thiers a constant thrill of accomplishment, though a gardener from the chateau of Fontainebleau had designed them and black slaves kept them trim.

He said, "I have set your marriage date for the eighth day of August. In St. Pierre, of course. Edouard d'Aubigne has informed me that he cannot leave Martinique in this season; his business holds him there. He has written me to ask that you go to Martinique. The marriage will be effected in the cathedral at St. Pierre."

The girl nodded but did not speak. Into her mind rushed a picture of Edouard d'Aubigne—very little younger than her father—black-bearded, paunchy. She felt a quick wave of hysteria mount within her, and by conscious effort she suppressed it.

Once, ten years previously, this Edouard d'Aubigne had visited her father on matters of business and she had been led into the smoking-room at the dinner hour—which was then her bedtime—and she had curtsied before the gentleman, who had chuckled her under the chin and remarked upon the prettiness of the child. The child! And he had seemed immeasurably ancient then—and seemed hardly less ancient now.

"In St. Pierre," she said. "Yes," her father said. His voice sounded arid and stereotyped in the cool, dim room; strangely without the blood of life in it. She felt that he would speak exactly in this way to a clerk through whom he was directing a shipment of two hundred tons of coffee to Martinique. And truly—was not her proposed marriage to Edouard d'Aubigne a thing of clever bargaining? A matter of commerce? In Tortuga, Henri Thiers dealt in coffee, tobacco, cinnamon, mahogany; in Martinique, Edouard d'Aubigne traded the cloth of France and the metalware of the German states.

Both were rich and successful; each had a firm grip on the exchange of his community. Would not a linking of their houses be of mutual advantage? And what better link than marriage?

Amandine Thiers touched her temples lightly with her fingers. She

concealed the trembling of her hands.

"Father," she said, "will you permit me to have a fortnight to think about this—"

He interrupted curtly: "I am not aware that there is anything for you to think about. I have conducted a detailed correspondence with Edouard d'Aubigne; nothing pertinent to the union has been overlooked. I may tell you that I have been able to arrange the dowry in a manner entirely satisfactory to me."

He narrowed his eyes. "I suppose the suddenness of this has startled you a little," he went on, somewhat more gently. "It needn't. Edouard d'Aubigne is a good man, a good businessman, intelligent. As his wife you will have a secure and proper place in the society of Martinique."

"I don't know him," the girl said. Her voice was scarcely above a whisper now, and she looked steadily at her father from the depths of the chair. "I've seen him only once."

"Are you saying that you doubt my judgment?"

"No, Father," the girl said evenly. "It's rather that—"

"There's no need to discuss it further," Henri Thiers crossed the room with heavy steps and sat stiffly in the chair behind his desk. "The Duc d'Anvout of Le Havre sails in six days for St. Pierre in Martinique. I have already applied to Captain Gautier for your passage. Your maid will accompany you, of course."

Then he waved his hand, a sign of dismissal. The girl rose from

the chair. In the pale light of the room, her father—had he looked—could have seen nothing of the distress, the cold unhappiness that lay in her eyes.

Captain Tobie Gautier stood on deck, close to the rope ladder, his brown hands on the rail, and watched the shallop come away from Cayona wharf.

The water of the harbor leaped up under the pressure of a fresh east wind, and the shallop danced. They'd have trouble coming aboard, Mademoiselle Thiers and her maid. The ship's ladder swayed dizzily. Captain Gautier saw that Henri Thiers was also in the shallop. He was talking insistently to his daughter, as though issuing final instructions, but the girl merely gazed wistfully ahead, seemingly heedless of his words.

**G**AUTIER soberly stroked his chin and trusted there would be no unseemly delay. He'd like to put the wind to good purpose.

"Ruegger," he said to his mate, "drop a second ladder. You will assist one lady and her maid in boarding."

Then he turned away and stared westward towards the Windward

Passage and the distant, invisible Cuban shore. He observed the configuration of high clouds above the horizon, and made certain mental calculations touching upon the wind, the tide, currents. He dismissed Mademoiselle Thiers—who was simply another passenger—from his mind.

He was a tall young man of competence and coolness, at home on the sea, uneasy on the land. He looked as though he made a careful practice of avoiding surprise.

They said, in the islands, that Tobie Gautier knew every blue-water reef between Havana and the Orinoco. They also said he was an incomprehensible young man, for the precise reason that he was predictable. He had shown himself to be steady, rational, temperate, serious, even grave. He stayed on his ship and out of the taverns. He held to his announced sailing schedule with what amounted to a miraculous surmounting of the vagaries of wind. He had a reputation for cold, unbending aloofness.

In a time when tavern-brawling was the universal relaxation of seamen, Tobie Gautier was thought to be a queer stick. There was even a rumor—unsubstantiated, naturally—that he wrote music in the privacy of his cabin. Many West

Indians felt this to be provoking gossip originated by persons who envied Tobie Gautier his command of the Duc d'Anvout at twenty-five.

The shallop from Cayona wharf scraped alongside. Tobie Gautier heard his mate bawling orders to the negro boatmen. Then Mademoiselle Thiers was handed to the deck. Her father followed her.

"My daughter, Captain Gautier," Henri Thiers said.

Tobie Gautier bowed slightly. And he saw the cold grey malaise in the girl's eyes. It did not occur to him to wonder at it; he observed, and that was all. It was none of his affair. But he was aware that Amandine Thiers was a singularly pretty girl. Aware, and unmoved.

"I hope our cabin accommodations will please you," he said. "We will be under way in ten minutes. If you will make your farewells—"

Henri Thiers touched his arm. "I give my daughter into your safe-keeping, Captain Gautier. Perhaps you have heard that she is to be married in Martinique on August eighth—"

But not happily, Tobie Gautier told himself; plainly not happily. This, too, was none of his affair. "I had not heard," he said.

"I mention it," said Henri Thiers quickly, "only to impress upon you



# Appointment

**OFF GUARD**



HE RAKES IN PENNIES  
ALL THE DAY  
AND SWINGS FROM BART TO BART



BUT HIS IS NOT  
A HAPPY LIFE -  
HIS WIFE'S PARTICULAR



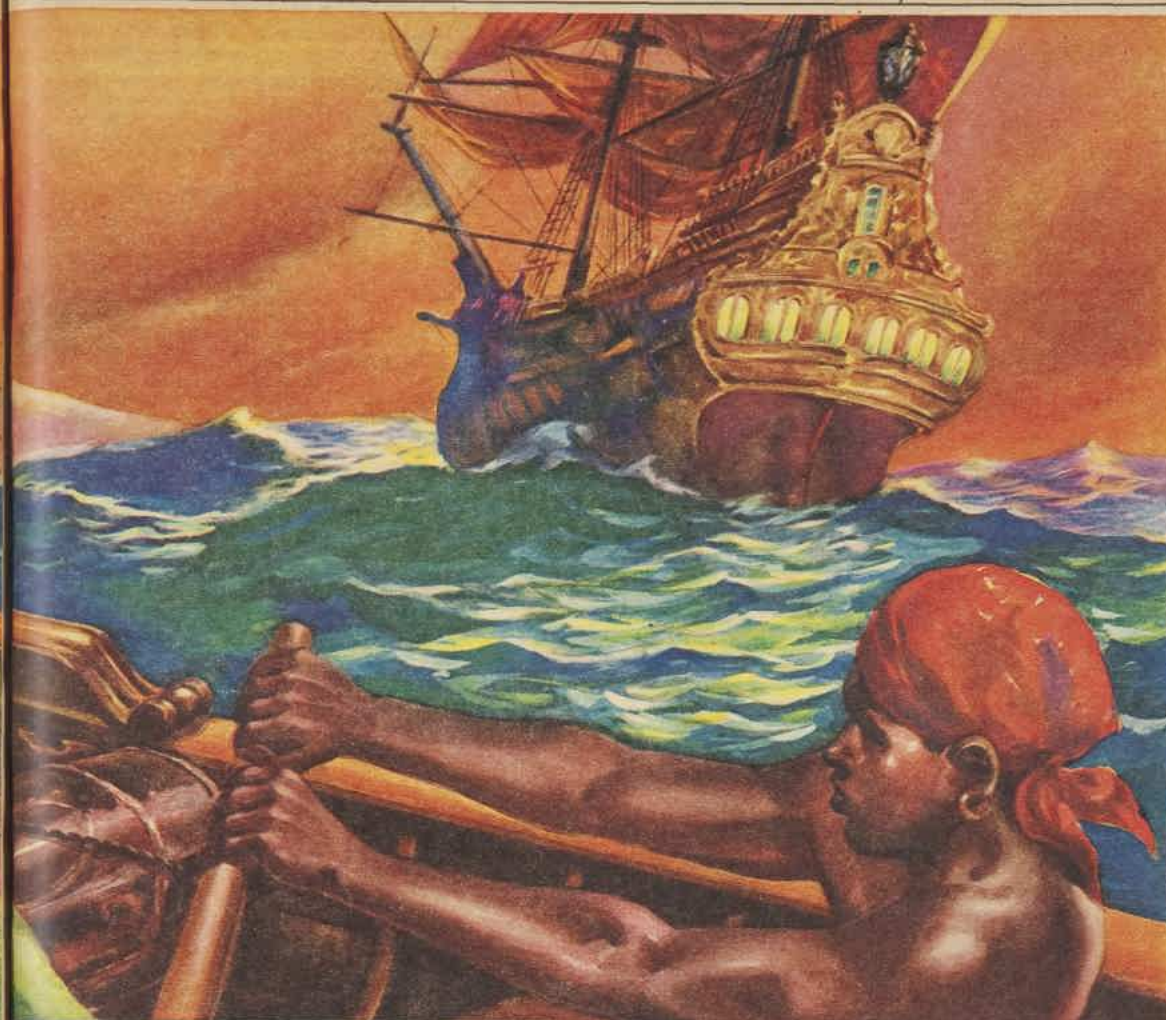
AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
HIS GRIMY HANDS  
CAN MAKE HIS LADY FLINCH



BUT DRIVER DICK  
ENDS ALL HIS WOES -  
"USE SOLVOL! IT'S A CINCH!"



**ALL HANDS  
TODAY NEED  
SOLVOL**



## in Martinique

the importance of placing my daughter in St. Pierre before the eighth of August. Unfortunately, due to certain business matters, I cannot accompany her."

"We shall be in St. Pierre not later than the fifth."

Then Henri Thiers kissed his daughter complacently on both cheeks, and she said, "Good-bye, Father," and he crossed the deck rapidly and went down the ladder. It was in Tobie Gautier's mind that the girl was relieved to see him go. Some of the strain seemed to slip from her face. She turned away, impassive, without a word.

Captain Gautier, after a moment's hesitation, struck his hands together. He lifted his voice. The crew went in the rigging. The captain revolved slowly. The ship came alive.

They went westward in Tortuga Channel, with the wind hard in the sails, and through the night tacked on a broad zigzag course across the Windward Passage. In the morning Cuba was a thin line in the west.

The sun burned in a sky that was without any cloud. Amandine Thiers ordered a chair placed on deck for her, in the shadow of the main-sail. There she sat. She read a leather-covered book of plays. Plays of Scarron. She thought them unutterably dull. After a while she let the book fall in her lap and gazed at the sea; and to Captain Gautier, strolling forward along the deck, she seemed to be fighting with some profoundly moving emotion.

He paused beside her chair. "You slept well?" he asked. "The sea did not distress you?"

She looked up, startled. "Yes," she said. "Yes. I slept well."

Those were really the first words they had spoken to each other. On the day before, at the time of their meeting, the presence of Henri Thiers had been like a barrier between them. More exactly, awareness of him had occupied both their minds to the exclusion of anything else. Now, in the brilliant sunlight,

with the calming whisper of the sea in her ears, Amandine Thiers realised suddenly that the man beside her chair was, in at least several respects, unusual.

He was young to command as fine a ship as this; and his eyes were grave and looked as though they might on occasion be stubborn, but his mouth was gentle.

She thought she detected in him something of that singular spell which the sea is said to exert on certain lonely natures. And she was lonely herself, and her unhappiness seemed somehow a bond between them.

He spoke to her of the course they were following, of the prevailing winds of summer in Caribbean waters. She drew him out—she asked about Havana and Maracaibo, about Panama, places she had never seen. He seemed pleased to talk with her. She received the impression that Captain Gautier, for all his youth, was not given to making any statement, however trivial, without carefully weighing his words. A staid, serious—even solemn—young man.

She said, "This is, you know, my first voyage away from Tortuga."

"You've never been in France—to Normandy, to Paris?"

She smiled. "I'm a true colonial. Must I confess to you that I was born in Tortuga?"

"You'll find that Martinique is very like Tortuga—"

"I could wish it would be different. I think I should like a change from endless sun."

"I know," he said sombrely. "Often I find myself hating the sun. The blind, scarring, brutal force of it. Some day I want to go back to a place I know—a place of soft rains and gentle light. In Normandy. A man can make a living fishing there; and not be burned black! I was born in Normandy—"

He paused, as if embarrassed by having confided a deeply personal feeling. And then he nodded, a kind of formal inclination of his head, and went away. Amandine

Thiers sat quietly in her chair; after a little while she was aware that she had been picturing in her mind a place of soft rains and gentle light—and it occurred to her that she had, for a space, entirely forgotten Martinique. But only for a space.

That was the first of a series of small intimacies between them. In the afternoon of that day Captain Gautier invited her to drink coffee with him in his cabin—her maid accompanied her as a matter of course, to provide chaperonage they both recognised as proper—and early next morning he called her on deck to see the high green wall of Cape San Miguel standing out of the sea in the east. That would be their last sight of Haiti; now the Caribbean stretched southward to the Spanish Main, and Martinique lay more than nine hundred miles to the south-east.

"THE next land we're to see will be Martinique," Tobie Gautier said, watching the girl beside him at the rail.

Her shining, soft black hair blew freely in the morning wind. Her body was straight and firm; her hands touched the rail lightly. Only her eyes and the almost imperceptible quick trembling of her lips told him what she was thinking.

He said abruptly, "You aren't happy."

She avoided his eyes. "No," she said.

"It's not my right to speak to you of this," he said quietly. "I don't want to invade your privacy. Believe me. But I'm distressed to see—"

"I understand." She turned and looked at him. "I'm grateful. But there's nothing to be said."

They were silent for a moment.

"It's your father's friend, Aubigne?" Tobie Gautier asked.

"Yes."

Tobie Gautier's strong, brown hands closed upon the rail. Then

The girl gazed wistfully ahead, seemingly heedless of her father's insistent instructions.

they stood without speaking, watching the forested head of Cape San Miguel retreat into the sea.

After that she perceived that he avoided her.

When, passing from his cabin to the afterdeck, he encountered her, he spoke calmly, with almost an excess of formality; he gave the appearance of speaking to her without any actual awareness of her physical presence—a subtle operation of the mind.

Day followed day. The wind stayed persistently in the east and the Duc d'Anjou progressed slowly. Amandine Thiers, in her chair on deck, gazed at the monotonous indigo sea and shut out of her mind any thought of the future, any memory of the past. Finally she achieved, by deliberate and difficult effort, a kind of suspension of all thinking. She knew that this was only a deferment; she knew that she was only half alive. And she was desperately unhappy.

On the morning of the day of storm she breakfasted early and alone—her maid was not, had not been, well—and went on deck and sat in her chair. She was conscious of a nervous uneasiness. Her hands were restless. The day was anything but promising; almost no breeze, a leaden and oppressive sky. The sea, pulsing feverishly under the long Caribbean swell, was lead-colored, too. She thought: The sea is oily; there will be rain.

She did not see Tobie Gautier until he was beside her chair. He said "Good morning." She looked up slowly. His face was constrained and stiff. He nodded his head in a little polite gesture. And he went on, mounting the ladder to the afterdeck. If he had not spoken she would have thought he had not seen her.

She gave herself, then, to watching the slanting sails—observing without curiosity that puffs of wind blew across the ship and died, and came again, fitfully. In time, when the sun was higher, the wind swung abruptly into the south-east. Then it came steadily. In a minute it was strong; in five minutes violent.

NIMBLY the crew leaped to the rigging and took in sail. Amandine Thiers left her chair; she stood at the rail clutching it, her hair blowing wildly. The ship yawed and fell off, then got the wind astern of her, with a countering sea lifting her at a crazy angle. And Amandine Thiers saw Tobie Gautier running along the deck towards her. He stood before her and laid his hand upon her arm. "You must go below," he said.

His dry voice frightened her.

"Will it be bad?" she asked.

The wind tore at her words, but he heard her and he nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Bad. This is the season—"

He held her arm and guided her across the deck to the companion-way. In the shelter of the deck-house the wind swirled and eddied; but it was quieter there. The noises of the pounding ship seemed distant, deadened. "Not very bad," Tobie Gautier was saying. "Not too bad. You mustn't worry. We'll ride it out well enough. But you must stay below—"

The ship's bow lifted, then dropped dizzily away. A sea combed over the stern; they saw the rush of water on the leaning starboard deck. Tobie Gautier's fingers held the girl's arm tightly.

"I'll help you below," he said.

She did not move. Her eyes were on his face. "I'm afraid for you," she said. "The sea's washing over—"

He looked as though he had not heard her. His eyes, searching her face, told her nothing. Then, for the first time, he smiled. And the miracle happened with the speed of light; they felt the surge and power of it in the blood of their bodies, and their hands came together and they were, for a brief space, breathless and alone, an entity, insensible of time, of place. The ship leaped beneath them and they felt nothing of it. His arms closed about her and she lifted her face to him.

He felt his senses dimming with the happiness that possessed him—a wild thing burning with the violence of pure light. She knew the strength of his arms—

Then the urgency of the moment flooded back over them and he carried her blindly down the narrow well of the companionway to the door of her cabin. He left her without speaking a word.

Once, an hour later, she heard his voice shouting a savage command on deck. Seas thundered aboard; and time was forgotten in the grey murk of lashing rain. It was late afternoon before the storm abated. At six o'clock a hush descended suddenly upon the sea, as though a blanket had been lowered over it; and there was no more wind.

Amandine Thiers sat in her cabin and tried not to feel the quick beating of her heart. She tried not to think. When Tobie Gautier tapped upon her door she hesitated, catching her breath, before she spoke to him.

In the morning the sea was blue and the sky cloudless. The ship strained forward eagerly, it seemed, almost consciously, as if purposefulness and a knowledge of its destination lay within its beams and cordage. And Amandine Thiers went early out of her cabin and to the deck, where she walked in the long shadows of the sails.

She was inexplicably happy—happy, what is more, in the face of the uncertainty that loomed before her. She stepped lightly on the deck, and her eyes were wide, and she was waiting.

He came after a few minutes. They stood at the rail. He said, speaking low, "I was mad, I had no right—you understand."

"I was mad, too," she said. "I went to your cabin, after the storm had passed. I knocked. You didn't hear me."

"I heard you. I spoke to you. But you had gone."

He nodded. "I didn't wait. I suppose I was afraid to say what I surely would have said."

Her heart twisted suddenly. "Why afraid?" she said softly.

He swung round to face her, almost savagely. "Do you want me to say it?" he asked, and his voice was hard and taut. "Do you want me to say I love you, Amandine Thiers? Would it please you to hear me say that, forgetting the impossibility—"

Please turn to page 18

# "Q

UITTE right, Miss Gillespie, doing a jig-saw puzzle and, Adrian, smoking a pipe. I got a pleasant surprise. I had seen this jig-saw bird once before. In Germany. Only a glimpse, but I remembered him all right. It's not the sort of face you forget easily. And I remembered, too, what you had said about pipes, Adrian. A small point, but it all seemed to fit.

"Everything considered, I thought that I should be justified in tying him up until I saw what the next move was. I had hardly tucked him away when I heard your car arriving. Naturally I didn't know who it was, so I played canny for a bit. I could hear voices in here and I came along the passage to investigate. Then the door opened and out popped von Gerne's lady friend. I'm afraid she got rather a surprise."

"Not half such a surprise as I got when you came in, you old sinner," Adrian said. "Well done, Dicky. You produced the ace of trumps out of the bag at the critical moment. What's the next move?"

"That's up to you."

"We must get back to Balkie."

"What about these three birds here?"

"You must stop and look after them for the night."

Dicky considered this for a moment and then asked:

## Continuing . . . The Dark Square

from page 4

"Are you fit to drive?"

"No. I don't think I am, but Marjorie can drive all right. Believe me, she can drive. I tried to overtake her for the Lord alone knows how many miles, and if she hadn't driven like fury most of this would never have happened."

"You always were pretty good at chasing 'em," Dicky said cheerfully, and Marjorie blushed.

The Academy was quiet; its activities were stilled for the day. Feathers felt rather like the captain of a ship as she walked slowly to her room after a final night round of her pupils' rooms. She found Milling waiting for her and after one glance at his eyes she let down the protective notice, "Not to be disturbed on any account."

"Any news?" she asked.

"No, none," Balkie answered. "I don't like it, Feathers. I can't think what the devil Adrian has got up to. It is always just on the cards that he was hideously stupid enough to shoot that girl."

There was a light tap at the door and Balkie and Feathers looked at each other in surprise. That anybody should dare to disregard the sacrosanct notice! It took Balkie about five seconds to get out of his chair and transform himself once

more into James Milling, the butler of every housewife's dream.

"Come in."

In answer to Feathers' invitation the door opened and a girl whom neither of them had seen before in their lives entered the room.

Then the doorway was filled again and Adrian came in.

"Allow me to introduce Miss Gillespie," he said cheerfully, and realising Balkie's predicament added, "It's all right, Colonel, she knows as much about this business as any of us."

Balkie sat down again and fishing his pipe out of a side pocket inquired dryly:

"And does she happen to know that you are wanted by the police here for murder?"

"Oh yes, we know all about that," Adrian assured him.

"I am not quite sure why you sound so confoundedly cheerful, young Mawley," Balkie grumbled. "As you know such a lot, perhaps you can give us some idea of where Dicky Horder is."

"Just a rough outline, sir," Adrian said, smiling. "At this moment Dicky, armed with a revolver, is sitting on guard over three people trussed up like Christmas turkey

cocks. The immaculate von Gerne, that woman Hilda who masqueraded as his maid, and—" he paused and Balkie prompted him with:

"And?"

"And the king-pin of the whole lot, the big noise of the entire shooting match."

Balkie stared at him in silence for a moment.

"Hadden't you better tell us what you've been up to?" he suggested. So between them Adrian and Marjorie related their tale of hectic adventure.

Balkie listened in silence and at the end commented:

"You seem to have had a fairly crowded forty-eight hours."

He questioned Marjorie closely about what had happened at Mountain Farm, and Marjorie was inclined to shiver at recollecting the place.

"Von Gerne didn't frighten me," she said. "It was the other man."

"Did he tell you anything about himself?"

"Quite enough."

"You didn't by any chance see any maps or schedules, or anything like that?"

Marjorie shook her head. "Not a thing. I never got a chance. And anyway I should have been too scared to look at them."

Balkie nodded sympathetically.

"It would have been pleasant if you had caught sight of something," he said. "But you've done jolly well as it is, Miss Gillespie. What I suggest now is a—"

"Oh, by the way," Marjorie interrupted, fumbling at the top of her blouse. "I was forgetting. I did get something. I got back Adrian's letter."

"My letter?"

"The one you gave me to take to the tobacconist. The one that started all the trouble as far as I was concerned. I found it on the desk just before I got out of that horrid place. It seemed a sort of poetic justice that we should get it back from them again."

She handed it to Balkie who took it without any marked enthusiasm. He knew the brief contents of the message only too well, and in any case they were now stale news and out of date.

He spread the note out on the desk under his hand and glanced at it perfunctorily, and then something happened to his eyes. They seemed suddenly to become riveted to that piece of paper.

He seemed to read it through at least twenty times, then very slowly he took his pipe out of his mouth and laid it down on the desk.

"Miss Gillespie," he said, "if you don't mind being classified for the moment as a babe or suckling, I am going to quote Scripture to you. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast brought forth wisdom.' He put the note on the desk and thumped it with his closed fist. "Ye gods. Much wisdom. Wisdom crammed down and running over. Do you know what this is—Adrian, do you know?"

"I haven't seen it yet," Adrian complained a little tersely, "so how can I know?"

Balkie turned over the piece of paper and Adrian studied the six names and addresses on it in silence for a minute and then raised his eyes to Balkie and said:

"These are the people we have been after, presumably?"

"The whole bang lot. I know two of the names and have suspected them for some time. The others are completely new to me, but I don't doubt that they are the principal agents in Turbany for the Nazi scheme. I shall have a very busy time during the next forty-eight hours, but it will be worth it—much more than worth it."

ONE way or another we shall be able to put most of these people somewhere where they won't be able to do any harm for a bit, and those we can't put away we can keep tabs on."

He was silent a moment, then went on.

"It is you I am worried about, Adrian, you and Miss Gillespie. The police are after both of you, Miss Gillespie because she has been lost, and you because they are convinced you shot that girl. And if there is one thing I don't want it's police interference or probing in any way. I should like you both out of Turbany as soon as possible. And anyway, Adrian, it's time you had some leave. What about you, Miss Gillespie, would you mind going back to England for a while?"

"Mind?" Marjorie gave a faint laugh. "No. I would not mind. I've had quite enough adventures for the present."

"Sensible girl. Well, there won't be any difficulty about you."

"I'll see that there is a seat reserved for you on the midday plane to Istanbul to-morrow. I'll find some means of smuggling you both away, and Adrian will look after you on the trip . . ."

Adrian not only did that, but a fortnight later he saw her safely on the 10.30 train from No. 1 Platform, Paddington. Even in wartime Paddington was its usual friendly, homely, commonplace, dependable self. It stood there stolid, efficient, unperturbed by blitzes, English.

There had been a slightly embarrassed suggestion that Adrian should go down to the west country with Marjorie and stay with her people for a while. Adrian had smiled, been duly grateful, and shaken his head.

"There's a philosophy about these things," he explained, and re-explained when waiting for the Paddington clock to reach the half-hour. "Boy meets girl: boy and girl have adventures; boy (if he is wise) says good-bye to girl."

"And girl, if she is grateful, says 'Thank you' to boy," said Marjorie, clasping his hand.

"A romantic farewell," her fellow-passengers thought, and they were right in the best sense, for no adventure is more perfect than that which knows when to say farewell.

Even in peacetime the journey to Little Dising is a lengthy one, and it was dark before Marjorie paid off the ancient taxi which had bought her the final four miles from the nearest station.

A judiciously-worded telegram from London had prepared the way for her arrival. A heaped log fire, a tea-tray set with massive Georgian silver and the appetising smell of toasting bread showed how good these preparations were.

Mrs. Gillespie was full of motherly anxiety and solicitude for the traveller, coupled with just a hint of scornful superiority for the ignorance from a neutral country, uninstructed in the alarms and excursions of war.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "you've no idea how exciting it has been. Why, last week, Wednesday it was because that is the Institute day, we had a bomb only three miles away in one of Captain Endover's fields. It didn't go off, but everybody's frightfully excited about it. You won't find it a bit dull down here now, I assure you."

Marjorie smiled, gratefully, wisely, philosophically.

"The toast smells good," she said. "Is tea ready? That was one thing you couldn't get in Turbany."

"Naturally," her mother agreed a trifle indignantly, "there's no place like England for tea."

(Copyright)

## GOOD POSTURE LESSENS FATIGUE, SAVES ENERGY DURING LONG WORKING HOURS



## GOOD POSTURE SIMPLY MEANS: A BODY IN BALANCE

When your posture is good there is less strain on the back muscles, your lungs get more air and hence your blood more oxygen; your digestive and other organs are not crowded—as they are when you slump—you ARE healthier and more energetic. And what is equally important, you LOOK it and FEEL it! Good posture makes a wonderful difference to your confidence.

**GOOD POSTURE IN SITTING:** Sit well back so that the lower back is comfortably supported by the back of the chair. Sit with the spine erect and the head and the upper part of body in good balance. It may seem a little strange at first, but once it becomes a habit, good posture is the easiest to maintain.

**WHEN YOU STAND PROPERLY,** your head is up and chin in, your shoulders are back and your shoulder blades are flat. Your chest is held high and forward, your abdomen is drawn up and in, your derrière is tucked in. Knees are straight. Good posture is easy posture, without stiffness.

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## Movie World

### They fly for their country now

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

**I**N pre-war days, Hollywood actors flew their own planes as a high-powered mode of locomotion. To-day they're turning their former hobby to excellent account for their country.

Qualified civilian pilots who are now serving their country include James Stewart, who is a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Jeanette MacDonald, in Hollywood, is receiving congratulatory telegrams on behalf of her husband, Gene Raymond, who has just been promoted to a captaincy with an Army Air Corps combat command "somewhere in Britain."

Brian Aherne, who used to fly himself and his pretty wife, Joan Fontaine, from Hollywood to New York and back in those gay pre-war days, has almost completed his Army

flying course, joining the Air Corps as instructor.

Rejected by the armed forces, the actor-flier George Brent has given up his film career for the duration to serve as civilian instructor in the Army Air Corps.

And all this year twenty-seven-year-old Jackie Coogan, who used to own his own plane, has been sergeant-instructor in a glider school.

Robert Taylor, so enthusiastic about flying before the war that he established the Actors' Flying Club, has shelved his plane for the duration and is only waiting to finish his current film before joining the Air Corps.

Clark Gable, who turned down a major's job in the Morale Division to go into the army as private only a few months ago, is already at an air training school.

Gene Autry, however, definitely refused commissioned rank, and is now Sergeant Autry in the Air Corps.



• Hollywood's No. 1 Western star Gene Autry has put by this lavish saddle and equipment and sent his horse to pasture for the duration. He is now Sergeant Autry, of the Army Air Corps. Refusing a commission, Autry enlisted "so as to give my fans a lead."

### This canteen will have plenty of glamor

Cabled from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

**B**ETTE DAVIS told me that she is putting the finishing touches to the Hollywood canteen, opening very soon in the heart of Hollywood to serve men of all services.

"This canteen is modelled on the famous New York Stage Door canteen, which is maintained by Broadway actors. Ours in Hollywood will be staffed by stars, featured players and extras," she said.

"They will wait on five thousand men of the forces daily. Besides serving food, washing dishes, and acting as dancing partners, we are putting on shows and helping the soldiers to make records of their voices for sending home.

"The Hollywood canteen is not admitting civilians except on the opening night, when tables will cost \$31 for visitors who wish to watch the stars at work.

"I think our canteen is indicative of the great change which has come over Hollywood in the past few

months. There are no more lavish parties, custom-built cars, or extravagant costumes. Every large gathering is for raising funds for entertaining soldiers."

Hollywood Boulevard is hardly recognisable these days, as the number of uniformed women increases daily. Khaki and grey uniforms replace the spectacular gowns as stars join various women's services.

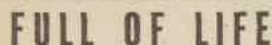
Joan Fontaine and Anita Louise are nurses' aides, Binnie Barnes is a plane-spotter. Ida Lupino is a first-aid teacher.

The "Hollywood Reporter," the local daily, reported the true story of an ambitious actress turned nurses' aide who, on her first hospital night duty, gave, upon request, glasses of water to all the men patients in her ward at lights out.

Later, the girl, with a conscientious attempt at neatness, tiptoed into the darkened ward, gathered up the glasses on the tray, and carried them to the kitchen in the dark. There she was horrified to find sets of false teeth reposing in the bottom of each glass without any method of identifying whose were whose!



• Robert Taylor will soon be out of civilian clothes for the duration. As soon as he completes "Annie Comes Home" for MGM he will enter the U.S. Army Air Corps. Like so many other stars Taylor has held his pilot's licence for some years, and used to own his own plane, founding the Actors' Flying Club.



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LADIES PREFER

*"Sparvå"*

## New comedy twist



**CLEVER MACGREGOR**  
(Rosalind) and aide  
(Benchley) hire secretary.



**2 SECRETARY** turns out to be struggling young artist Tom (MacMurray), who immediately resents MacGregor's bland, impersonal attitude.



**3 POVERTY ALONE** makes Tom keep his job—that entails escorting MacGregor.



**4 VISITING** Mac Gregor's mountain lodge, pair begin to fall in love.

### Rosalind gives the orders

**P**ARAMOUNT'S comedy, "Take a Letter, Darling," has an amusing and typically Rosalind Russell twist to its plot. For its heroine (Rosalind) is a clever woman executive, and its hero (Fred MacMurray) the hapless young man who becomes her secretary.

Fellow fun-makers are Robert Benchley, playing Rosalind's almost silent partner; Macdonald Carey, that intriguing newcomer, as a much-married tobacco king; and Constance Moore as a bewitching Southern heiress.



**5 HOPE** of getting rich  
Caldwell (Carey) as  
client diverts her wiles



**6** **SEEING** through her trickery, but admiring her still, Caldwell begins taking MacGregor out, while Tom reluctantly squires Caldwell's sister Ethel (Constance Moore).



**7 JEALOUSY** nevertheless sweeps over MacGregor when she comes upon Ethel in Tom's room, though pair are merely discussing plans for big advertising scheme.

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● Margaret Lockwood has her hand read in a scene from her recently-completed film, "Alibi."

## MARGARET IS ON HER METTLE

**M**MARGARET LOCKWOOD has just been cast for what will be the most difficult role of her career.

It is Hesther Shaw, in Gainsborough's forthcoming production, "The Man in Grey," Lady Eleanor Smith's best-seller, and it has put Margaret on her mettle.

But she is delighted, for she takes the role almost as a challenge to show what she can do with a part demanding high-powered acting.

Fresh from her success as an honest girl making her living in "Alibi," Margaret told me that she wants to get away from sympathetic roles, and "The Man in Grey" is her opportunity.

I had dinner with her at Canuto's, the famous old eating house in Baker Street, where Margaret, unaffected, amazingly girlish in a gay little cretonne frock covered with a white tweed sports coat, arrived halless and suntanned from her home near Bournemouth.

"I've played all kinds of girls, each part adding to my experience," she said. "As Hesther I've got one in which I can establish myself." If Margaret gives an authentic portrayal of Hesther it will extend her talents, for Hesther, combining the worst and best of Scarlett O'Hara

and Becky Sharp, demands all that an actress can give.

"It is a part Hollywood would have given to a star like Bette Davis," she said. "I intend, as you Australians say, to 'give it a go.' Its Regency settings are away from the war. It has plenty of emotional, dramatic quality, yet it calls for subtlety.

"It is a role I can handle well under English direction, for British studios don't concentrate on glamorising stars to such an extent that they become camera-conscious, thinking only of whether they are at the right angle to the camera."

After a year's absence, when Margaret's baby daughter—Margaret Julie—was born, she made "Alibi." But film fans, remembering her moments in "The Lady Vanishes," "Night Train to Munich," "Girl in the News," and "A Girl Must Live," called for her in a role giving her scope for her versatility.

When she appeared as the bitter, shrewish wife of "The Stars Look Down," critics acclaimed her performance, while fans wrote indignantly, asking for the Margaret of "Bank Holiday," "Quiet Wedding," and "Owd Bob." Margaret remained unruffled, saying that an actress should try all parts till she discovers one that she really feels is her type.

Motherhood hasn't changed Margaret, for she is gay, high-spirited, with every appearance of being care-free, though her baby daughter has brought many responsibilities.

She is bringing up small Margaret herself in the country with only her Nanny to help with the housework. The tiny cottage that houses the three of them (husband Rupert Leon is a sergeant in the army out in West Africa) has seen much of the war, for it is right in the front line, close to the Channel.

Away from the studios her baby takes up the whole of Margaret's time. She hates to be parted from her daughter, and during "Alibi" she had her Nanny bring the baby to the studio, where production got a severe setback as her small daughter interrupted the silences with cries of "Mummy, Mummy."

She left me after dinner to pick up a bit of margarine here, and another bit there, from kindly friends to make the first birthday cake for the baby, snapshots of whom will eventually reach Daddy in the humid heat of West Africa.

### Comedian and hero, too

**T**OMMY TRINDER, English comedian of "Sailors Three" and "The Foreman Went to France," is appearing in drama now.

Title of his new film is "The Bells Go Down."

Tommy plays a London fireman, a typical wisecracking Cockney.

British producer Michael Balcon has seen to it that "The Bells Go Down" is authentic—for its story is based upon the anonymous diary of a London fireman who won the British Empire Medal for heroism in raid fires during last year.

For film reviews and Hollywood cable see page 19.



● Studio photograph of English actress Margaret Lockwood, who has just been cast in the most difficult role of her career—in the Gainsborough film, "The Man in Grey."



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The Australian Women's Weekly—October 21, 1942



*His defence*

... against juvenile ills

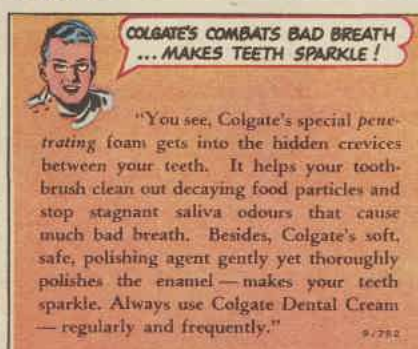


Youngsters fight many enemies they never dream of. Ever present juvenile ills are constantly attacking, seeking chinks in the armour of young Australians. "Scamol" provides children with a double-barrelled defence—Vitamin A to build resistance against infection and promote sturdy, vigorous growth, and Vitamin D for control of body metabolism and formation of good bone structure. "Scamol" is the result of recent scientific developments in the production of vitaminised fish liver oils. It is guaranteed to contain 1,000 International Units of Vitamin A and 100 International Units of Vitamin D per gramme in a bland, easy-to-take, palatable form. It is more suitable than the previously imported cod liver oils for administration to children and patients with a natural revulsion to strong fishy tastes. Most emulsions and the better malt extracts are now fortified with "Scamol". Ask your chemist to recommend a product containing "Scamol".

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# Editorial

OCTOBER 31, 1942

## REPATRIATION FOR WOMEN

**C**ABINET is to consider soon the matter of repatriation benefits for Australia's service-women.

Under existing regulations women are specifically excluded from all such benefits unless they serve outside Australia, and they receive compensation under the Defence Act only if their injuries are directly attributable to war service.

Army nurses are the only women for whom pensions and repatriation are provided at home or abroad.

*That is not good enough.*

Thousands of women have rallied to the services in a real spirit of sacrifice.

*The nation in accepting their services should assume responsibility, not only for their welfare during the war years but for their re-establishment when peace comes again.*

Our Repatriation Act, with all its faults, is the means of an honest attempt to do what little can be done to lessen the sacrifice made by a soldier who gives years of his life to war service.

Its machinery is sometimes involved, its awards are often inadequate.

But when it was drawn up there was no idea that the airfields of the next war would be thronged by women, that army barracks would house women soldiers, and naval bases would see women serving with the senior service.

There should be no delay in bringing the Act up to date.

*We now have service-women as well as servicemen. They share the dangers and they must share the few small compensations.*

—THE EDITOR.

## R.A.A.F. boys review army

**H**IGHLIGHT in this week's "Letters from our Boys" is the story of two young R.A.A.F. sergeant-pilots "walking round like generals" to review an army in Scotland.

The review took place during a course to promote good fellowship between the Army and Air Force.

**"A**NOTHER chap and I have been on a course to help promote good fellowship with the Army, and we were looked after like kings, billeted in hotels at the Air Force expense," writes Sgt.-Pilot Walter Parks, now in Malta, to his mother in Artarmon, N.S.W.

"We have been driving tanks, Bren-gun carriers and armored cars all over the Scottish moors, and did we do a job of it, or did we?"

"We were taken out to review the Army."

"This is fair dinkum, we two sergeants walking around like generals. Did we put on a show?"

"We marched up and down the ranks with a couple of colonels, and we would give the cues a good slow wink and they would nearly burst trying to keep their faces straight."

"Then we had a go at some more Bren-gun carriers, motor-cycle outfits, and solos."

"But sad to relate I'm afraid I got thrown off the solo, and finished up in a corner in grass about eighteen inches high."

"I got up and had another go, promptly got thrown again, so decided to stick to Bren-gun carriers. But, by some misfortune, I finished on a golf course, doing about 60 m.p.h., with players taking to the trees right and left."

"Sorry to relate the gate at the end wasn't open. I didn't feel like stopping so I just went through it, because the colonel reckoned that I wasn't game."

"As an encore, I broadsided on to a park seat and completely wrote it off. It was just as well we weren't there any longer, as we seem to have left a trail of havoc behind us."

"The next day we visited the Infantry, and they let us have a good time firing off their trench-mortars."

"Still, we promoted some good-will I'll bet."

Pte. Keith Aldred at an advanced Allied base to L.A.C. A. Etheredge, R.A.A.F., N.S.W.:

"**"BIG** Lofly, our camp comic, has adopted—in the tropics of all places—an imaginary Eskimo boy of the tender age of eight, a homeless evacuee from Alaska."

"Lofly insists stubbornly that he woke one morning and found young Bombo, as he calls his protégé, sitting on the edge of his bed."

"At meal-times Lofly solemnly makes a place for Bombo, and religiously places a piece of dry bread in front of the empty space, meanwhile apologising for the lack of tallow candles."

"Of a night no one is allowed to disarrange or sit on Lofly's bed, as Bombo is taking his rest there before Lofly retires."

"As I write this now, Lofly is really down in the dumps. His adopted baby has contracted Ganymedee—an insidious Oriental disease which breaks out on the subject in the shape of small Japanese rising suns."

"He's quite sure that the C.O. of his unit will order an untimely court martial for Bombo on the grounds of open Japanese sympathies."



PTE. LES KNUSE awaits his turn for a bath while a friend takes his daily "plunge" somewhere in Australia. Sent in by Pte. Knuse's sister, Mrs. Ellis, Victoria Street, East Brunswick, Vic.

### Clothes make the man

**DRIVER JOHN WYLIE**, in Egypt, to his sister, Miss Isa Wylie, in Brisbane:

"Here is a true story about one of our unit."

"He was having a swim in the briny one morning when another chap came in. Of course, both were in the nude."

"The Aussie picked the chap to be a South African belonging to the armored cars."

"After strolling out, the following conversation took place: 'Aussie: 'What unit do you belong to?'"

"S.A.: 'Armored cars.'"

"Aussie: 'What are you, a gunner or a driver?'"

"S.A.: 'I do both.'"

"Aussie: 'Don't be a fool. I know a chap's one thing or the other.'"

"S.A.: 'I still do both.'"

"Aussie: 'What particular job do you do then, section-leader or what?'"

"S.A.: 'Oh, I'm the brigadier of the unit.'"

"Aussie (not at all perturbed): 'Gee, that must be an interesting job.'"

W.O.1 A. J. Rolfe somewhere in Australia to his mother, Mrs. P. Rolfe, Mitcham, Vic.:

"**T**HERE are that many kangaroos up here you have to push them aside to get past. It is nothing to wake up at night and find one pinching your clothes."

"After the sun goes down it gets dark, but it doesn't worry me because I have a tin of glow-worms in my tent. The trouble is I can't put them out when I want to sleep."

A.c.1 W. B. Smith to Miss Norma Goss, 50 Orvieto St., Merlynston, Vic.:

"**I**N Tulagi we had an air blitz, and the day of the Coral Sea battle the Japs landed about 1200 men in the Solomons."

"So we blew up all the installations and left. The Japs landed on one end of the island, and we left the other. It was two o'clock in the morning, and pretty dark."

"We had an old copra boat to get away in. It was a leaky, filthy old thing, but we weren't too proud to travel in it."

"The idea was to travel by night but we were trapped a few times in daylight out in the briny and were dive-bombed, but the old boat was a pretty small target and seemed to have a charmed life. We didn't think we'd see civilisation again."

"It took us nearly two months to get to Australia. We looked sorry sights on arrival there."

"A few of the boys got malaria and ghastly tropical ulcers, but enough of that."

"Mum and Dad nearly fainted when I walked in on them, as they had heard that the Solomons had fallen, and I had no way of letting them know I'd got out."

"And, boy, is it good to be back—two evacuations and about 70 raids were starting to get me down."

**T**HE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 1/- For briefer extracts, payment of 5/- is made.

## Interesting People



LIEUT.-COL. T. BLAMEY

**TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD** son of Sir Thomas Blamey, Commander-in-Chief of Allied Land Forces in Australia, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Blamey is member of staff of Australia's Military Mission to Washington. He was recently awarded M.B.E. for service in Middle East with A.I.F. An artillery officer, in civil life he is a solicitor.



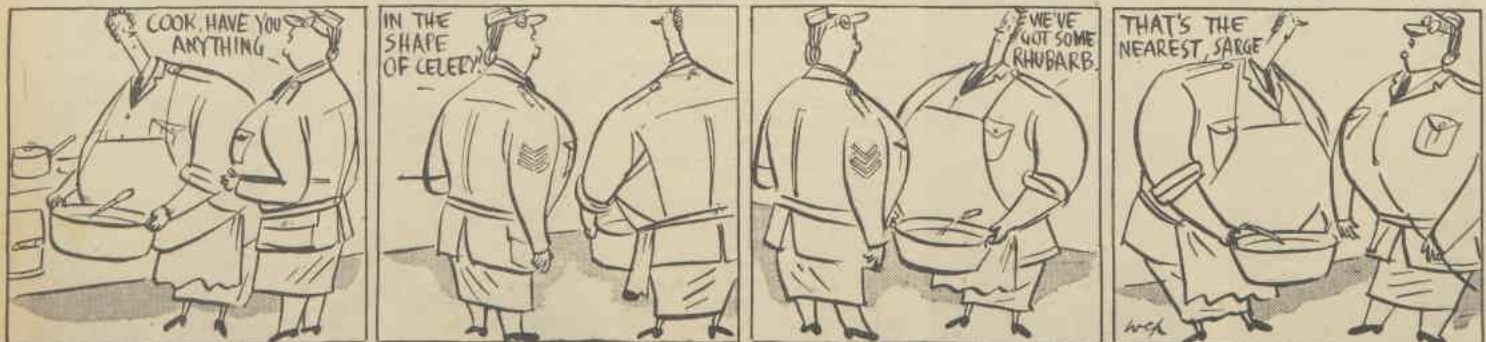
SECTION-OFFICER M. TAYLOR

**SECTION-OFFICER** Marjorie Taylor, M.Sc., Sydney University, in charge of special section, Directorate of Training, Air Force Headquarters, is first W.A.A.A.F. officer to hold the post, which was formerly in charge of a flight-lieutenant. Before joining the W.A.A.A.F. she was lecturing and doing research work at Sydney University.



CAPT. W. J. VAN DER KLOOT

**Piloted Churchill** U.S. Ferry Command officer, Captain W. J. van der Kloot, was first pilot of the Liberator bomber in which Mr. Churchill made his recent 14,000-mile flight to Russia and Middle East. Mr. Churchill spent two-thirds of trip in the cockpit.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun has just entered the sign of Scorpio.

This is good for many Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans, and a proportion of Virgoans and Capricornians.

But for Taurians (particularly) and the majority of Aquarians and Leonians it presages ill.

Incidentally, Hitler and Hess are Taurians and Mussolini a Leonian.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Recent difficulties and upsets should now begin to ease and life seem brighter. But avoid over-confidence for some weeks yet. Meanwhile, November 1 (to 7.30 a.m.) fair, then poor, but fair again after 9 p.m., November 2 (forenoon and late evening) fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 23): Beware! There are pitfalls for the unwary, especially on October 27, October 31, and November 1 (especially late afternoon). November 3 (worst around midday and sunset) and November 2 may be poor, too. Avoid changes, losses, partings, and opposition. Be patient, careful, tolerant, and wise.

**GEMINI** (May 23 to June 23): Uneventful days for most Geminians, so keep to routine work, though benefits may follow wise moves made recently. October 27 (early afternoon), October 28 and October 29 (to noon) fair.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Good times possible now, so get busy. Be confident, especially on October 29 (late evening) and October 31 (early afternoon). October 30 and November 3 (from 1 to 2.30 p.m.) helpful, too. Probably no adverse days this week. Seek promotion, favors, and changes.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Moderately helpful on November 1 (before 8 a.m. and after 9 p.m.) and November 2 (forenoon and late evening).

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Semi-important matters can prosper this week. Work hard on October 29 (late evening only) and November 2 (around forenoon and late evening). November 3 (evening hours) will help, too.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Perfect matters already in hand in preference to starting new ventures. October 27 (early afternoon) and October 29 (from 10 a.m. to noon) fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Opportunities, changes, favors, promotion, and new ventures or new happiness possible during this and coming weeks, so plan and work well. October 27 (early afternoon) and October 29 (from 10 a.m. to noon) fair. Balance of October 29 (after 2.30 p.m.) good, especially after 9 p.m., October 30 fair; October 31 good.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): Just a week of days, so keep to routine affairs. Modest benefits on November 1 (after 9 p.m.) and November 2 (midday and late evening).

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Not much planetary help this week, but November 3 (evening) fair. Plan ahead. November 1 (after 9 p.m.) slightly helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Be guarded now; there are difficulties ahead. Avoid changes, discord, delays, and obstacles, especially on November 1, 2 and 3. October 27 (evening) and November 3 (around sunset) poor, too.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Waste no time this week. Plan ahead. Seek promotions, gains, changes, and favors, especially on October 29 (late evening) and October 31 (early afternoon). October 30 also slightly helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are preparing to accompany **DR. GRIFF:** Who is perfecting an invention to destroy planes in the air by electric energy, to a secret laboratory. Meanwhile, and unknown to Mandrake, the doctor is kidnapped, and when he refuses to draw plans of his invention

**THE CHIEF:** Of the gang decides to take him out of the country. **AN OLD ACTOR:** Impersonates Dr. Griff at the hotel, and when Mandrake arrives he has to use his magic to get up to his room. There he meets the pseudo doctor, who, on conveying his alarm to his chief, is ordered to kill Mandrake if he gets suspicious. **NOW READ ON:**

ALL PACKED AND READY TO LEAVE, DR. GRIFF?

LEAVE? YES, OF COURSE.

I'M SO ABSENT-MINDED. I'VE FORGOTTEN WHICH PLANE WE TAKE.

WE'RE NOT TAKING A PLANE, WE'RE GOING BY TRAIN.

YES, OF COURSE, A TRAIN.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET TO THE NEW LABORATORY AND CONTINUE YOUR EXPERIMENTS.



TO BE CONTINUED

# How a young captain led 36 men to safety through Japanese lines

## Three weeks' gruelling trek with wounded in Owen Stanley Range

When Captain Syd Buckler, A.I.F., was a small boy he used to go off on week-end scouting expeditions, sometimes alone, in the mountains behind Coff's Harbor. His mother worried a good deal, but, like a wise mother of sons, did not interfere.

To-day she is compensated, for Captain Buckler's bushcraft stood him in good stead when he led a party of 36 men to safety from behind the Japanese lines in the Owen Stanley Range.

CAPTAIN BUCKLER, a Duntroon graduate, aged 23, was reported missing on September 12. His mother and father, who live at Coff's Harbor, had lost another son in the Syrian campaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckler came to Sydney for a few weeks to get away from the sad associations of home.

"I was visiting a friend of mine," said Mrs. Buckler, "when she came rushing in with a newspaper, shouting 'Syd's safe, Syd's safe!'"

A war correspondent reported that a 23-year-old captain of Coff's Harbor, a Duntroon graduate, had arrived safely at a base, having led 36 men to safety.

The party was cut off when the Japanese advanced to Kokoda. With eight wounded men, four of them stretcher cases, they had pushed through the trackless ranges, travelling by night, living on yams and sugar-cane and stolen Japanese supplies. At times they were within 150 yards of Jap camp fires.

When the captain had got his party to a safe spot he pushed on ahead himself to get relief for the rest of the men, and next day flew to drop food supplies to the party.

"We knew that it must be Syd," said Mr. Buckler, "and an official notification and now a letter from Syd himself have told us the story."

"Well, here I am back in the letter-writing business after missing out on them for a few weeks," wrote Captain Buckler. "Hope you are quite well and have not been too worried about my position."

"On August 30, after some severe fighting, I was cut off with the remnants of the company and eight wounded, four of them stretcher cases."

### Amazing trip

"BRIEFLY the story from then on was that we struggled through the mountains for three weeks with the stretchers, then left them and two fever cases and an orderly at a native village."

"Pushed on then with the rest of the party and once free of the Japs I pushed ahead alone, collected guides and native carriers to take my haversack, and marched 10 to 12 hours each day. Finally I arrived back among Allied troops on September 28."

"Organised supplies to go out and have now learnt that these have reached the rest of the boys and they will be set from now on."

"I would like to tell you about one of the wounded men. Although shot through the legs he refused to be carried, knowing that it took eight men to each stretcher, so he hobbled his hands and knees and crawled along with us for three weeks."

"For two weeks of that time we were moving through a 7000-foot mountain range."

"At the end of each day's march he would always answer my queries on how he travelled with a cheery 'O.K., sir, a 100 per cent.' He had a lot of guts and set a marvellous example."

"The troops were all very cheerful on the trip and did a splendid job. I am very proud to have been associated with them."

"I had some great experiences



MR. AND MRS. W. T. J. BUCKLER, of Coff's Harbor, reading the letter in which their son, Captain Syd Buckler, told them of his trek in the Owen Stanley Range.



LOOKING TOWARDS KOKODA. This picture, taken from a high ridge in New Guinea, shows the country over which Captain Buckler and his party made their perilous trek.

while trying to drop some supplies from a plane to our wounded. Was successful yesterday and the parachute opened up and floated down within 100 yards of the village—good shooting."

"Later on we went over some places mentioned on the wireless and I was given a forward machine-gun, and we ran up and down at our pleasure and strafed the areas occupied by the Japs. The morning before some anti-aircraft guns had a shot or two at us. They were poor gunners."

"You know, I am lucky, and that's what Napoleon used to look for in his leaders—the quality of luck."

"On the first morning I was to go up to drop supplies I was directed to the wrong operation room on the air field. The medical supplies arrived and we waited and waited. Later we found that we should have gone to another place, went there and found two planes had gone up. The one I should have travelled in failed to return."

"I would have a grouse if I had had to walk back through that jungle again only a day after returning."

"Have had some hard scrapping with the Jap, but proved that our troops who have been together for so long can match him."

"When I arrived back from the jungle I met a big General and other staff officers, and have now been attached as an Australian liaison officer to the Yanks."

"Have been issued with American equipment, so it's the case of an Aussie at the Camp of the Yanks."

"Have met a big Yank General up here and he is very easy to talk to, is the type whose manner puts one at ease immediately—something like General Savage."

In a letter written before he went into action, Captain Buckler indicated that the troops knew they were in for tough times.

"My batman pointed out a huge grasshopper to me to-day, and said, 'Better keep an eye on that, sir. It's big enough to come in handy for rations.'"

The batman was wounded in action and returned to a hospital in Australia, where he told a friend that Captain Buckler had saved his (the batman's) life by a well-directed hand grenade, which killed four Japs.

Captain Buckler, youngest of three brothers, entered Duntroon at the age of 16.

"He had always been keen to be a soldier," said his mother, "and his Boy Scout days had made him fond of camp life."

"He never used to tell us much about those expeditions, but a few weeks later some other boy would say to me, 'By Jove, we nearly shivered to death last Saturday. Did Syd tell you?' Or 'I suppose Syd told you how we were lost last weekend.'"

In his childhood he accompanied his parents to South Africa, where his mother lived before her marriage, and his father took him on a game-hunting expedition.

"All that turns out to have been good training for him," said Mr. Buckler.

"Another thing that has probably helped his stamina is the fact that he neither drinks nor smokes."

After Captain Buckler graduated he was stationed in Victoria, and as soon as war broke out applied to join the A.I.F.

Meanwhile Hugh, a year or two



CAPTAIN SYD BUCKLER, Duntroon graduate, who led a party of 36 men to safety from behind the Japanese lines in New Guinea. His father is with him.

called "Ben" by the other boys, after Ben Buckler, at Bondi. (The name stayed, for an American shortwave broadcast referred to the escape from the Owen Stanleys of Captain Ben Buckler.)

"We said to Hughie that he might find it difficult being in a company commanded by his brother," said his father. "But they were such great mates. In Hughie's last letter he wrote 'And who do you think I had dinner with last night—no less than the captain—and a great dinner it was.'"

At the beginning of the Syrian campaign Hugh was a member of an advance patrol. Single-handed he silenced a machine-gun post, and was mentioned in despatches. But he was killed in the action. It was his brother, his best comrade, who found him.

## Marriage Marks the Spot

Continued from page 5

GRIMLY, Micky said: "If you know what's good for you, you don't say anything."

"Okay," Ray said, and pushed the plunger for his eighth game.

In a few minutes Micky said, "Do you know what she said? She said she didn't want to settle down. She wants to travel."

Ray stopped playing. Interested, he said, "Did she really mean that? She told me, but I didn't believe her."

Micky grinned weakly. "She means what she says, Laurie does. She doesn't mess around with words. She said no."

"No what?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Krile. I don't want to be Mrs. Micky Krile and settle down in Sienna. In fact, I don't want to be Mrs. Micky Krile at all. You never thought of that, did you? That she might say no."

Ray swallowed. "Tough luck, guy."

Micky shifted his feet. "Well, as a matter of fact, I went for a ride after she told me, and I got to thinking. I got to thinking maybe you were right."

"Good guy."

"What do I want to be tied down for? After all, I'm doing okay. And anyway, just like you said, Laurie would nag the life out of me."

"Listen," Ray said directly, "Laurie Jenkins could give movie stars cards

and spades. I never met a girl like her in my life."

Micky gave him a look of wounded incredulity. "You been working on me for weeks, telling me to get rid of her. What'd you go and do—fall for her?"

"I could go farther and do worse than Laurie."

There was a faint, ironic smile around Micky's lips. "Maybe you'd like to grab her for yourself."

"Why not? You had first chance." He patted Micky's shoulder. "It was tough luck, old boy. But, anyhow, you wanted to settle down and she wants to travel. Now that suits me fine! She can come right on the road with me."

Micky put his hands in his pockets. "I ought to let you go out and ask her. It would serve you right, after what you did to me to-night." After a pause, he said: "But I guess it gives me more pleasure to tell you myself. She's going to marry an Army lieutenant. She's engaged!"

With an unspoken mutual consent they walked together to the staircase.

Then Micky said: "Going on to Broomtown to-morrow? They're having a big basketball game at the Y gym."

"Sure, why not?" Ray said. "We're still free as the breeze. They haven't got us yet!"

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# 



**TYPICAL** of 2500 smiling, efficient servicewomen who took part in the march through Sydney streets were these, a Waaaf and an Awas.



**LADY GOWRIE** (second from left), who took salute as Colonel-in-Chief of A.W.A.S., with Lt.-Col. Kathleen Best, V.A.'s (left), Lt.-Col. Sybil Irving, A.W.A.S., Group-Officer Clare Stevenson, W.A.A.A.F. (right).



**W.A.A.A.F.**—Some of the thousand Waaafs who marched had been on night duty. Others went on duty after. Many gave up day's leave.



**A.A.N.S.**—Members of the Australian Army Nursing Service recently returned from abroad were among marchers. U.S. nurses also marched.



**A.W.A.S.**—In their trim khaki uniforms 1000 soldierly figures of the Women's Army swung along like veterans. Spectators who lined streets numbered 250,000.



**V.A.D.**—Smart in their navy-blue, V.A.'s turned "eyes right" as they passed the saluting base at Sydney Town Hall, where crowds were thickest.

## Marimba from Manhattan

Continued from page 3

WHEN, some three blocks away, he halted and pantingly surveyed his catch, he found his judgment could scarcely have been worse. He had meant to choose his combo with a view to size as well as ability. In the park all the four-men orchestras had looked and sounded much alike. Now, on closer inspection, he saw he had made off with at least the equivalent of five men and a small boy.

All of them bulged in the most inopportune places, and it would, he thought desperately, require a sheehorn to install them in the organ loft. As an added attraction, none of them understood English. Only the use of sign language and the all-out co-operation of several interested bystanders finally made them understand they were to report at Orville's hotel at eight the following evening.

With the orchestra on tap, only the organist remained to be disposed of. For that one all-important night Orville had to do away with the regular organist by brute strength if need be, lest his secret be discovered. By repute the casino's organist, Senhor Jorge Toledo, was a man who took his work seriously if none too well. When Orville was ushered into the senator's apartment, he learned that that description was all too true.

"Senhor," said Orville, clearing his throat, "for reasons best known to myself it is very important that I play the organ myself to-morrow night. There are certain adjustments that must be made by the maker himself." The senator's face was not at all encouraging, but Orville kept doggedly on. "So, if you would be so good as to permit me..."

Senhor Toledo had paled. Nor could he keep his anger from his voice.

"That I cannot permit, senhor!" he said indignantly. "Never shall it be said that Jorge Arturo Toledo was replaced on the opening night of the Casino Carioca!" He started for the telephone. "Better I should call Senhor Alveras at once—"

With a speed born of desperation Orville beat him to the phone. Senhor Toledo was so taken aback that he recoiled, staring at him. For the first time he noticed the gleam in the eye of the American organ master. To his dismay and rising horror the plump senator looked about him and then lowered his voice much like the spies in the cinema.

Senhor Toledo edged away, fearful that the strain of installing the organ had caused its builder to suddenly lose his mind. "Senhor," he said shakily, "if that is for all you wish to talk with me..."

"It isn't," Orville said ominously, ready now to resort to anything. "Senhor, if you play that organ to-morrow night I shall assume no responsibility for anything that may happen to you. While I wouldn't want this generally known my larger models frequently cause trouble when they are first installed. Only last year a man was electrocuted the first time he played one."

"Sim?" Toledo said faintly. "He is dead, no?"

"Quite," said Orville. "There was something of a to-do about the whole thing. For that reason I always like to play an opening night myself. We can't have good organists, well, simply dropping off like flies."

Senhor Toledo managed a weak nod. "I understand," he said weakly, willingly forgoing the night's honor. "Only the spoon knows how hot the pan is. If—if it is not right, you will tell me, senhor?"

"Gladly," said Orville. "I'm sure that after to-morrow night everything will be just dandy." Completely exhausted by his interview, Orville sought nourishment. It was only five, and high time for his cafe completa, anyway. The Confeitaria Colombo was nearby, and he went there. As he stepped off the lift he found himself staring into the white face of his beloved. It was the first time he had seen her since that fateful night when he had learned, too late, that she knew all. He seized the moment with desperate eagerness.

"Gloria," he said. "I have to speak to you a minute, I must!" Tears welled in her eyes. She tried to push her way past him. "Please," she said. "Please, Orville."

"But I can't help myself," he said haggardly. "When I look at you, nothing else matters." Now that the words were finally out, his pride fell clattering around his ankles.

"You—you can't deny what's been between us, Gloria! If I've been impetuous it is only because I am a man who has loved not wisely but too well. Surely you're not going to let my employment prevent a lifetime of happiness!"

The very mention of his employment caused her rather firm chin to tremble. In a moment she had broken down completely. "Don't make it any worse than it is," she sobbed, turning blindly to the elevator. "I—I never even want to see you again!"

To a man in Orville's state the coming of the day on which his masterpiece is to make its debut is but another feverish splootch on the calendar of a mispent life.

He spent the entire day in his room, gloomily doing finger exercises, dreading his appearance at the console. His giving out in a South American gambling den was a sad far cry from his last recital which had been before a small and select group of Brahms lovers in New York.

His marimba orchestra did nothing to make his lot easier. Like all Brazilian they had a fine disregard for time, and they appeared two hours late that night, at which point Orville was practically with breakdown. Rallying he bundled them into a cab and ten minutes later was sneaking them up the backstairs of the casino. Every table had been taken and the samba band was blowing its brains out as he finally got the combo into the stifling organ loft.

One look at their cramped quarters and the marimba artists turned as one man and started right back down the stairs. They had appeared dressed in their carnival best, and they were firmly determined to be seen as well as heard. Without understanding one word of their voluble chagrin even Orville realised they had been expected to be presented in the flesh and were not at all inclined to set up in business as a four-man echo.

It was fifteen minutes later before he had finally persuaded them that, even though they weren't seen, they would be heard by multitudes. This apparently put them under the impression they were about to make their radio debut and Orville did nothing to disillusion them on that score. It was hardly a time for high-flown ethics.

With an effort that long continued could only have led to a stroke, he even made them understand how and when they were to perform.

Finally they were all wedged into place. They were so snug a fit that they could only breathe by common consent. Thus assured they could not possibly escape without outside help, Orville thoughtfully locked them in and then sped down the stairs to the dressing-rooms. There was less than a half-hour before his organ was to make its formal debut the hard way. What with being minus marimbas Orville had never even dared give the organ a tryout performance.

He had just managed to get into Senhor Toledo's costume, one that fortunately featured the loose garb of the native vaqueros, when there was a thunderous knock at the door. Before he could open it, Senhor Alveras had burst into the room.

"They wait!" he cried excitedly. "To the organ, Toledo!" Then, recognising Orville, his formidable jaw dropped. He stared wildly about the room.

"Where is he?" he cried. "And why are you dressed like so?" "I am dressed this way," Orville said faintly, "because I'm going to play myself."

"But Toledo? Where is he?"

Orville shook his head. "He was called away," he said sadly. "It seemed he feared there was about to be a death in his immediate family."

"Ah," said Senhor Alveras, softening. "That I did not know." With his anger gone that emotional vol was being filled with a rising anxiety. "You are sure the music you can do for me, senhor? So unhappy it would make me if it is not good!"

Orville winced. "I shall do my best," he said. "You can count on me to the last marimba!"

The senator, pacified if not entirely reassured, hustled him from the room. Orville's wind had never been too good and by the time the senator shoved him into the organ pit he was panting. Before he could get his breath the house lights had

gone down and a spotlight was boding him. Ready or no, he was about to give his all.

The show music was already on the stand. He felt a little better when he saw the opening number. There were no marimba parts in it and at least he would have a chance to find out what his own flesh-and-blood, the first Benson Master Art, could do. The audience stirred restlessly behind him. He flexed his fingers one last time and then, with an attack that bordered on sheer panic, he went at the manuals.

Even before the echoes of the first chorus had died away he knew his child was all that any father could ask. It was a lovely, lovely pipe organ.

When the last note faded off in a gracious diminuendo he was so moved he didn't even hear the applause. He could only think of

### MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"But, Mother, how can you object to my being austere and conserving material for the Government?"

what his success would have once meant to certain lady opera singers.

Senhor Alveras, beaming at the applause and living only for the moment when the patrons would first hear his beloved marimbas, held up his hands for silence. The stage show was about to start.

"To-night, señors and señoras, I have for you another great treat. From the Estados Unidos, our great good neighbor to the north..." Orville, suddenly aware that he must be up and doing, was wildly scanning the programme. He had barely found the accompanying music for the first act when the senator concluded—"I give you now that lovely opera singer, the Senhorita Gloria Tronsen!"

For a moment Orville was so

stunned that emotion was out of the question. Opera singers simply did not appear on a bill that featured strip tease artists. Opera singers, let alone one as fine and pure as Gloria, did not work in gambling casinos.

He arose just in time to share the spotlight that was welcoming his erstwhile love from the wings. She glanced at the pit, seeking Senhor Toledo's familiar, reassuring face. She almost fainted when, instead, she found Orville staring right back at her.

Their mutual horror on meeting as fellow-performers in a roulette palace was so great that long after the applause died they were still staring at each other with unbelieving eyes. Senhor Alveras, standing in the wings, swooned, and only their professional training saved them then. Orville numbly resumed his seat and the next thing they knew they were into the opening measures of "La Paloma."

Gloria's presence at the Casino Carioca was all too soon explained. She had only a choir-voice range at best, and despite his high personal regard for the lady Orville could not resist a well-bred shudder at the way she flatted her crescendos. She had had only too good reasons for not wanting to talk of her career. A career with a voice like that could lead only to starvation.

Her first aria met the fine, cold reception it deserved. Gloria, biting her lips, made herself go on. Finding what Orville, too, was actually doing in Brazil so stunned her that she never could rally her meagre resources. After six years of chorus work in any third-rate opera company that would hire her she had hoped that in far-off South America her true worth would finally be appreciated.

She had arrived with the fond delusion that she was to sing at the Teatro Municipal. To learn she had been booked into a gambling casino had been the last nail in the coffin of her hopes.

Orville, seeing the storm growing on Senhor Alveras' outraged countenance, realised only the upstairs trade could save her now. If they hadn't gone to sleep on him they would at least drown out the boos that were surely awaiting her. He hit the F above C on the flutes, playing the marimbas would give out before Senhor Alveras simply drew a pistol and put her out of her misery.

He needn't have worried. His colleagues in the organ loft had been growing more and more moody, sure that he had forgotten them. To be so suddenly sent into the game was all the inspiration they needed. Their mallets came down as one man and they stormed into "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" in a manner that would shatter Brazilian eardrums for generations to come.

## Appointment in Martinique

Continued from page 7

AMANDINE put a hand on his arm. "I forget nothing."

"Listen to me," Tobie Gautier said harshly. "Edouard d'Aubigne of Martinique owns the cargo in this ship. He has a dozen vessels of his own—and houses. And land. And slaves. He's powerful—full of money. In Martinique it is Edouard d'Aubigne; in Tortuga it is Henri Thiers—"

"Yes," she whispered, meeting his eyes. "They're powerful, Edouard d'Aubigne and my father. But old. And you are young."

He stared and did not answer.

"And I am young," she said.

"But what have I to give you?"

"You've already told me. You've said you love me—and you shall give me that."

"It's not enough," Tobie Gautier said. His eyes held a torturing uncertainty.

"You fool," the girl breathed. Her hands clutched the rail with rigid violence.

It was then that he caught her up in his arms again; though the mate at the wheel had a clear view of them. He pressed her to him with a crushing strength, and he kissed her.

He put her down. He said, "You're not a maiden of much modesty," and he was smiling.

"Because you're a man who must be pushed," she answered him, accusingly. Her eyes were frankly on his face. "I am, you'll come to

realise, my father's daughter." She stood straight and firm before him. "There's this to be said for the family Thiers—when we know what we want we go after it."

Abruptly he turned away. He left her there on the deck, and climbed the ladder to stand beside the mate at the wheel. Her eyes followed him, astonished.

The land came out of the sea in the evening, an hour before dark. Amandine Thiers was in the bow when the look-out cried the shore.

The warm air washed over her. It seemed to her that she could smell the odors of the land—trees, and the pungency of earth. She said, under her breath: "Now is the fourth day of August; and there is Martinique. And nothing is decided. For I saw very clearly the uncertainty in his eyes—"

She heard the footfalls on the deck and knew his step. She did not move her head. And then he was beside her.

"The land—" she said.

He laughed, and touched her shoulder. "For the first time," he said, "the ship that was Tobie Gautier's command will arrive late in Martinique."

She did not understand. She controlled her voice carefully: "This is only the fourth day of August."

"Yes," he said lightly. "But that's not Martinique you're staring at." She was aware that she was trem-

ing courage broke completely at this unexpected competition. Her voice grew shriller and shriller until, completely undone, she burst into wild sobs and ran blindly from the stage.

Only Orville noticed her going. The customers were staring with the fixed gaze of the shell-shocked, and Senhor Alveras alone seemed completely entranced. His hands were clasped in rapt wonder and gradually tears came into his eyes. When the number was finally ended his violent applause far outdid anything that polite but stunned audience could muster.

Though Orville managed to get through the show he could never recall anything that had gone on. Practically every number called for marimbas and once they burst into action all else was forgotten.

When at last the awful affair ended, he rushed backstage. Gloria had already dressed and packed when he burst into her dressing-room. Her lovely lips trembled. She knew now and once and for all that her voice was just another voice. To know she had also sacrificed a good man's love was just too much.

"You hate me!" she sobbed, burying her face in his vest. "I know you hate me! But I—I didn't really mean to lie to you, Orville. I loved you too and when I found out I was only to—to sing in a nightclub I felt I wasn't worthy of you. I kept thinking about the cathedral and..."

Before he could assure her there had been just a little misunderstanding all around, Senhor Alveras loomed in the doorway. He was as tall and heavy as ever, but no longer formidable. Now that the morning would see the marimba attachment safely installed, Orville Benson gave ground to no man. His arms still around Gloria, he looked at Senhor Alveras right in the eye.

The senator was all smiles and good-nature. So fine were the marimbas that to-morrow there would be a bonus in Senhor Benson's cheque. Only one last tiny favor would he ask. "Not all Brazilian appreciate the true marimba," he said sadly. "To-night several women faint. Perhaps to-morrow you will soften the marimbas, no?"

"Gladly," said Orville, who had been highly dubious that any attachment could ever equal this night's deafening accomplishments. "Although I must say it is a pity after the way I extended myself."

Rebucked, Senhor Alveras backed out the door, leaving Orville alone with the object of his most sacred emotions. She lifted her lips, all so willingly, to his. It was, he thought masterfully, no time for explanations. He had already learned that the best loves are frequently founded on deceit.

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bling. "What are you saying?" she asked.

"Guadeloupe," he said evenly. "The land you see is Guadeloupe. Martinique is to the south, a good day's sail. But we'll not see Martinique, you and I. For us, this is the end of the voyage—and the beginning."

His hand found hers. "You changed the course," she murmured. He nodded.

"My mate will take the ship to Martinique," he said. "And I'll be sign command. And in Guadeloupe we'll find another ship to carry us to the place I spoke of—"

"What place?"

"You've forgotten? The place of soft rains and gentle light—"

She smiled. "I hadn't forgotten. I wanted to hear you say it. The coast of Normandy."

"You're not afraid? You haven't changed from thinking of it?"

She shook her head. "The daughter of Henri Thiers will learn to cook fish stew," she said.

"For a fisherman husband. Be careful that it's good."

She clung to him. "How long now to say," she whispered, her mouth beside his cheek, "that I haven't an appointment in Martinique. Never to see Martinique. Tell me—at what hour do the prison-ers awake in Guadeloupe?"

"You're shameless," he cried.

"Of course," she said, and kissed him.

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# Film Reviews

## ★★ JEANNIE

(Week's Best Release)

Barbara Mullen, Michael Redgrave. (Gaumont-British.)

A NEW English film "discovery," Barbara Mullen, plays heroine of this entertaining British romantic comedy. By no means the conventional glamour girl, Barbara has a refreshing and charming personality. You will like her tremendously.

"Jeannie" is a story of a Scots girl who is left a small legacy by her father. Instead of putting her money to sensible use, Jeannie decides to spend it all on a trip to romantic pre-war Vienna.

Michael Redgrave, as the young man whom she meets on her travels, gives a delightful performance. Albert Livan, playing a fortune-hunting count, and Wilfrid Lawson, as Jeannie's dour parent, are both good. — Embassy; showing.

## ★★ NAZI AGENT

Conrad Veidt, Ann Ayars. (MGM.)

YOU will find good melodrama entertainment in this film, incredible as some of its situations are. Conrad Veidt appears in a dual role, that of a patriotic American of German blood and his Nazi twin brother. When the patriot takes the place of his brother in a spying the suspense of the smoothly-directed picture becomes gripping.

Veidt's performance is grand (as are those of Frank Reicher, Dorothy Tree, and Ann Simpson). He seems too old, however, to figure in the story's romance opposite Ann Ayars. Ann, that smouldering brunette of a Dr. Kildare picture, looks as well as she did and gives a competent portrayal. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## ★ COTTAGE TO LET

Leslie Banks, Alastair Sim. (British.)

THERE is an amusing brand of comedy mixed with the thrills of this English adventure that is based on a successful London play.

Chief comedian is George Cole as the cockney evacuee youngster who gets on the trail of a gang of Fifth Columnists in Scotland. The identity of the real villains is not known at first—and thriller fans can do some heartfelt guessing.

Leslie Banks, who can spare little time for films from his English war-work these days, is the inventor. Jeanne de Casalis is diverting as his ditzy wife—and the love-story is shared by Michael Wilding and



WEDDING PICTURE of Norma Shearer and French ski-instructor Marty Arrouge, with Father John O'Donnell, who married them at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Beverly Hills.

## Our Film Gradings

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Carla Lehmann. Whole film is an entertaining support. — Embassy; showing.

## ★ DRUMS OF THE CONGO

Ona Munson, Don Terry. (Universal.)

THIS jungle thriller (which gets its African atmosphere out of Hollywood's old film stocks) has enough intrigue and fighting to provide familiar excitement.

Just to make it topical the hero is a naval intelligence officer and the action concerns his race with foreign spies for the discovery of a rare metal, which is essential to the war effort.

Don Terry makes a satisfactory hero and Ona Munson a fair heroine. Disappointment of the cast is Stuart Erwin, whose comedy is not given nearly enough scope. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ H. M. Pugh, Esq. Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young in enchanting romance. — St. James; 2nd week.

★★★ M. S. Miniver. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama. — Liberty; 5th week.

★★★ The Man Who Came to Dinner. Monty Woolley, Bette Davis in enchanting comedy. — Century; 5th week.

★★★ Professor Mamlock. S. Mezhlinski in powerful Russian anti-Nazi drama. — Savoy; 4th week.

★★ The Fleet's In. Dorothy Lamour, William Holden in racy musical. — Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★★ South American George. George Formby, Linden Travers in rollicking slapstick. — Victory; 2nd week.

★★ To the Shores of Tripoli. John Payne, Maureen O'Hara in thrilling U.S. Marine Corps adventure. — Regent; 2nd week.

★★ Twin Beds. Joan Bennett in racy marital farce. — Mayfair; 3rd week.

★ Ride 'Em, Cowboy. Abbott, Costello, less comical than usual. — Lyceum; 6th week.

★ Shanghai Gesture. Gene Tierney in lurid melodrama. — Plaza; 3rd week.

★ You Belong to Me. Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda in entertaining comedy. — State; 2nd week.

# Soviet girl-soldier interests studios

VIOLA MACDONALD'S HOLLYWOOD CABLE

ALL the major studios are trying to interest Lieut. Ludmilla Pavlichenko, famous Russian girl-soldier, in making a film while she is in California.

At present, Ludmilla is lecturing in Los Angeles, pleading for a Second Front.

I saw her lunching with Joan Crawford in MGM's studio restaurant, where she was the object of all eyes. It was then difficult to realise that this pretty girl is renowned for her deadly skill as a sniper.

MICKEY ROONEY and his wife, Ava Gardner, who became reconciled last week, have moved back again to their Beverly Hills apartment. It was Ava who brought suit for divorce last month, charging Mickey with causing her grievous mental suffering. Now, however, Ava says that she realises that she still loves Mickey—and "that he can be the boss."

THE death of May Robson at the age of 78 has taken its Great Old Lady from the screen. The most popular woman in Hollywood, May was working till just a few months ago—her last role being that of the gallant British agent in "Joan of Paris." She leaves behind a daughter, grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

BEAUTIFUL 18-year-old Leatrice Joy Gilbert, daughter of the late John Gilbert, is working as a riveter in a plane factory—and has no picture ambitions at all.

JOHN GARFIELD'S young daughter, Katherine, will appear with father in Warner's drama, "Air Force."

LEE TRACY has joined up in the military police with the rank of lieutenant.

WALT DISNEY plans to make a cartoon featuring "The Grinnellens," imaginary beings who are supposed to fly with the R.A.F. Walt got the idea from a magazine article written by an R.A.F. pilot.

BOB HOPE swears to me that he plays a bathing beauty in a scene for "Star-Spangled Rhythm."

JOAN CRAWFORD and Fred MacMurray are being teamed in Helen MacInnes' exciting spy-story, "Above Suspicion."

WHEN Marlene Dietrich wants to see her admirer, Jean Gabin, these days, she rings up the kitchen entrance of the Hollywood Soldiers' Canteen. Gabin spends his evenings there dish-washing as a volunteer.

IRENE DUNNE will take the lead in that creepy Victorian melodrama, "Gaslight."

PIQUANT Marjorie Reynolds, who danced to stardom with Fred Astaire in Paramount's "Holiday Inn" (still to be seen in Australia), has got a big role in "Dixie" with Bing Crosby. But she plays out the entire film in a wheel-chair as a crippled girl.

The programme that started America along the road of Victory.

# "THIS IS WAR!"

Written by America's greatest dramatists. Presented by her greatest artists.

## 2GB

9 p.m. Tuesdays

## Many stars in new variety broadcast

Charles Chauvel as producer

Charles Chauvel, who has made some of Australia's most successful talkies, has assumed a new role—that of radio producer.

The show for which he is responsible is "Over Here," a new variety broadcast, which will take the air from station 2GB at 9 p.m. on Friday, November 6.

THE opening programme of "Over Here," which is dedicated by Australians "over here" to their coppers "over there," will give a foretaste of the good things to come.

The cast will include Angela Parslow, Dorothy Foster, Lou Vernon, Fred Blunt, Lella Richmond, Myrae Parker, Les Warton, the Starlighters, Sheila Sewell, John Tate, Fred Webber, Stanley Clarkson, and Walter Kingsley. The Macquarie orchestra will provide the accompaniment as well as a number of features. It will be conducted by Reg Lewis, while the compere will be Ron Randall.

Music and comedy will be well to the fore in "Over Here," and, in addition,

a number of novelty features will be introduced. For instance, there will be "Snooper's Corner," a game which listeners can play. Each week Mr. Stickybeak of Snooper's Corner will report a conversation he has overheard in a tram, a train, or a bus. There will be a prize for the person who took part in the conversation if he or she writes in to the station and states where the conversation took place.

Another novelty will be "A Song is Born." Each week a song will be selected from original manuscripts sent in by listeners. All that is necessary is the piano score, with or without words. The song chosen will be played exactly as submitted by the listener; then it will be orchestrated and presented by an artist to show its real possibilities.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 28.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 29.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, October 30.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, October 31.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, November 1.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, November 2.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, November 3.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Arrangements have been made for representatives of leading music publishers to be listening in, and in this way it is hoped to discover songs that will prove commercial successes.

As producer, Charles Chauvel has sought to introduce as great a variety of entertainment in comedy, melody, and drama as it is possible to fit into an hour. Many of the artists are well known to listeners, but others are young and promising performers starting out on careers.

★

Half an hour with famous composers, Opera, Singers and Song.

★

9 p.m. Mondays

"MUSIC THROUGH THE ALPHABET"

★

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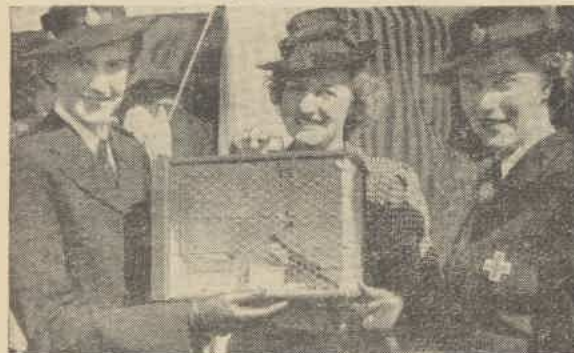
Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



**DINNER FOR TWO.** Lance-Corporal Howard Craven and his wife dine at Romano's. Howard has been overseas, and is on his first home leave. Mrs. Craven was formerly Margot Ruthven.



**FOR CHRISTMAS.** Members of Ladies' Golf Union's War and Patriotic Fund packing hampers for A.C.F. From left: Mrs. F. G. Child and Miss K. M. Armstrong. Average number of hampers packed each day is four thousand.



**FETE FOR RED CROSS.** V.A.'s Wendy Yates (left) and June Chamberlain admire cage of lovebirds which Elisabeth Adams is holding. At Royal Sydney Golf Club.

## Heard Around TOWN

**TRUNK call from Canberra from Lady Gouvie** to congratulate Lady Julius on winning "Popular Grandmother" competition for National Shilling Drive.

Lady Julius arrives as usual at Lord Mayor's Comforts Depot in Martin Place for her day's work, and finds her room filled with flowers and congratulatory telegrams.

At 11 a.m. voluntary workers at depot take time off to celebrate with a morning tea party.

**FEW days' home leave for Waas** Lorrie Fay, who has just finished officers' training course in Melbourne. See her lunching with her husband, Lieut. Claude Fay, at Prince's, Lorrie out of uniform for the day.

Says she has been transferred to West Australia.

**CALL-UP in W.A.A.A.F.** for two sisters, Mary and Mavoureen McKay, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McKay, Armidale. Both will do clerical work.

**BABY son** for Mr. and Mrs. Michael Eddell, of Wolseley Road, Pt. Piper. Decide to call him Michael. His father recently returned from service overseas with A.I.F.

**HANDY kitchen gadgets** are gifts for Rosemary Markell, when Mrs. Stuart Thornton gives pre-wedding party at her flat at Manly.

Rosemary has planned her wedding to Gunner John Fowler to take place as soon as he has leave. He is now stationed at Darwin.

**DATE for my diary.** Bridge party at Killara Memorial Hall, on November 13. To raise funds for R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund Younger Set's queen in regimental competition.

**SICK leave** for Amette Stogdale, who is munitions worker. Is spending holiday with her cousin, Mrs. Reg. Bickford, at Glenelg.

**LADY MACKAY** will return to Sydney shortly. Has taken a flat at Killara. Has been living in Melbourne for some months.



**TRANSPORT DRIVERS.** Helen McIlraith (left) takes parcel from Joy Hand on arrival at Red Cross garage. Many girls are driving lorries for Red Cross.



**FROM BRISBANE** comes this picture of Captain Tom Macaulay, M.C., and his bride, the former Margot Waddell, of Casino. They are spending their honeymoon in Brisbane.

## Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

**VISIT Anzac Buffet and hear all about new hospitality centre soon to be opened.**

Meet Mollie Wright, who will be director. For last few months she has been in charge of inquiry desk at Buffet. Has done voluntary work every Sunday for more than two years.

"Hope to get long list of people willing to entertain servicemen in private homes," she says. "So many men have such lonely week-ends in city."

Hospitality to be arranged in formal manner, hostesses and servicemen to fill in forms.

Mollie will have her office situated in new wing of the Buffet, which is almost completed.

**"WOULDN'T miss Graythwaite fete for king's ransom,"** says Mr. W. M. Hughes, when he is invited to declare it open. Has attended these annual fetes for last five years.

Dame Mary accompanies him, and they are welcomed by Mr. John Mackay.

Colorfully decorated stalls are set up in hospital's huge recreation hall. I notice lots of home-grown vegetables on produce stall run by Mrs. S. Studdy and Mrs. Don Taylor.

Other stallholders are Mesdames Phillip Wood, T. Vero Read, Harry Ser, Charles Tom, and Harry Smith.

**CHAIRMAN of R.A.A.F.** recruiting drive in N.S.W. promises to attend meeting this Thursday in ballroom, Hotel Australia, of women's auxiliary of Australian Flying Corps and R.A.A.F. Association.

Committee will discuss plans to enlarge provident fund for men of Air Force.

Association's history dates back to last war, and many members of auxiliary are wives of men then aviators.

**"MUSIC from Many Lands"** is title of musicale being planned by Mrs. J. M. Sterling-Levis. Date is December 9. Will be held at Federation House.

"Arranging programme of all kinds of music," she says. "Will have a Chinese band, Swiss recorder band, and a balalaika orchestra."

Proceeds to be used to buy comforts for men at sea doing anti-submarine work.

**BELIEVE** that Mrs. Alfred White has lent bungalow on her property, Belltrees, Scorne, to the Junior Red Cross for convalescent children. Usually they enjoy seaside holidays at Eleanor MacKinnon Memorial Home at Ramsgate, but it has been closed for the duration.

Mrs. A. B. Triggs, of London, Yass, has also given over a wing of her home for the same purpose.

**FIRST annual meeting** this Thursday for members of Dental Nurses' Association in N.S.W. at Chelsea Hook Club.

President Elsie Brown informs me that during last eight months lots of parties are given at club for Allied servicemen.

"We like to spend our funds in giving these parties, which are much appreciated," she says.



**AMERICAN RED CROSS representative Helen Hall (right) discusses establishment of service clubs in Sydney with Hannah Frazer, director of Red Cross Club in Melbourne for American soldiers.**



**WEDDING at Wesley Chapel.** Flight-Lieutenant Albert Palfreyman and his bride, formerly Gloria Presgrave. Bridesmaids are her sister, Peggy (left), who is in A.W.A.S., and Zita Hutton.

**WHEN Sgt. Lester Laycock** arrives home on leave from Darwin after two years' service, he announces engagement to Alicia Tanaley.

Alicia is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tanaley, jun., of Homebush. Her fiancé is son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Laycock, Strathfield.

**MEET charming Helen Hall,** of American Red Cross, who is director of service clubs in leave areas for American servicemen. She is busy planning establishment of first club in Sydney.

"It will be a place where the men can sleep and eat and enjoy recreation," she says. "Will be run by trained Red Cross Welfare workers who are coming to Australia. Also I am arranging large voluntary staff of Sydney women who have offered to help," she adds.

Miss Hall has had great deal of experience in this work, having directed these clubs in Philippines and in China after the last war for the American War Department.

**SECRETARY of Army Auxiliary War Comforts Fund,** Mrs. Keith Morris, presents cheque for £250 to Lord Mayor's Fund this week. Represents proceeds from cafe at 77 King Street.

"In less than year we've made £1000," she says.



**MILITARY WEDDING.** Captain and Mrs. George Fisher leaving St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Bridesmaid Dorothy Gibson, best man Private Gavin Glanfield.

**"OVERWHELMED with offers of help** at our Merchant Navy Club," says Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, president of women's committee for Bundles for Britain and Australia.

"Busy with purchase of furniture, but we're having great difficulty in buying pots and pans. Just aren't any in town," she adds.

Mrs. Keith Martin, who has returned to her flat at Pt. Piper, is planning color scheme and interior decorating for club.

Betty

## CHANGES ... from one basic frock

• Here is a trimly tailored dress that you can change to suit your mood. It is an extremely simple little frock of sheer wool or heavy silk, using a minimum amount of fabric, and buttoning down the front of the bodice.

• A crisp little plaid apron that might be salvaged from an old evening skirt. It is margined with a frill and buttons and ties on to your basic frock in a jiffy. The matching tat-teta beanie is simple to make, too.

• Often you will have a few odd strips of material left over after cutting a frock, so here is a bright suggestion for using them. Make a stand-up collar and bow, front band, and waist-piece, and button on to frock.

• The tiniest little jacket—so small it gives the effect of a yoke—is made of white wool and garnished with red cotton cord. It is cleverly attached to your dress buttons in front.

• For the office just add a minute collar, cuffs, and waist-piece made from a gay oddment of material. If you have enough you might consider a halo hat to match.

• A large double frill of white organdie edged with red velvet ribbon is buttoned on to the front of your frock and a matching ruffle ties round your hat. Take these accessories into the office with you if you have an important date after work.





Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

ON UNDERWEAR  
AND SLUMBERWEAR



Last night  
I felt  
out of sorts

Any woman who has taken Beecham's Pills will know how easily they effect a transformation like this. Good health will radiate from your face if you remember to take your Beecham's Pills. They dispel those fat-forming poisons, prevent stomach upsets and save you from sick headaches. Above all, they help the bowels to act gently and regularly as nature intended. You can hardly be out-of-sorts if you take Beecham's Pills.

THIS MORNING  
I FEEL FINE!

**Beecham's  
Pills**

Sold everywhere in  
boxes, 40 pills 1/-  
120 pills 2/6

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Worth a Guinea a Box



ENGAGING SPRING BONNET made with a couple of folds of wide mauve grosgrain ribbon and beglamored with mauve veiling and deep pink roses.



FOR IMPORTANT EVENING DATES wear a great clump of white flowers. In your hair for preference, because they won't crush and will beguile.

## Flowers that bloom in the spring

● Even in these days of rationing it's a pretty good idea to try a little nonsense with your strictly sensible clothes. Spring is a shamelessly sentimental season, so pep up your wardrobe with flowers and veiling and soft pastels that flatter miraculously.

By PEG MCCARTNEY

WHETHER you are renovating last year's wardrobe or carefully planning how to spend your coupons, make a charming gesture to spring. Let flowers blossom everywhere on your person . . . thrust through your belt, planted on your head, tied at your wrist, at and over your shoulder. They are so much gayer and younger—and really lovelier than costly jewels.

A world-weary black frock will take a new lease of life with the addition of gay floral touches. For instance, a flighty little hat that you can so simply make yourself from an odd length of ribbon and a clump of artificial flowers that might be salvaged from one of your glamorous pre-war evening gowns.

Two huge white roses fished from the garden and pinned with your regimental badge in centre front and high up under the chin will cheer a dreary monotone frock and are worth their weight in charm.

### Floral flattery

WEAR flowers to add a happy note to your rare evening of leisure—for preference an enormous clump pinned high over your forehead to look like an enchanting little hat. For festive occasions you might give a special lilt to your black sheer frock with a huge posy of pink baby roses pinned at the neckline and a few fastened with narrow black velvet ribbon and tied around your wrist.

A little whimsy with your severely tailored spring suit pays dividends in chic. From your garden gather a mad little posy of mixed spring flowers (like the ones your small daughter picks) and fasten it to your lapel. Try putting a cluster of flowers in your pocket, the heads peeping out like a hankie.

Keep odd lengths from those old but hectic floral playtoys and evening gowns, for they can give a new lease of life to your duller frocks. In town the other day I met an ingenious young friend of mine who looked stunning in a slinky frock of black silk crepe with an aquamarine-blue yoke, gloves, and swathed turban. She confessed that the dress was three years old and the aquamarine touches had

been made from an old evening gown.

And there are dozens of other clever transformations that can be done so simply. A tiny linen bolero in the brightest floral will cheer a plain, dark frock; or striped gloves, collar, and turban in colors so bright they make you blink.

Plan carefully when you are selecting your new spring frock. A floral is your best bet, but preferably a splashy white design on a monotone ground—you can always introduce a splash of color with your accessories.



SPRING TONIC in grey silk crepe printed in white. The bodice drapery is caught at one side to give a cool effect. Accessories are black, but it looks equally charming with red, purple, or yellow.



This young Australian  
—if he could talk would say . . .

**“LET YOUR  
MONEY FIGHT..**

*Buy War Savings Certificates”*

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**LAXETTES**

The Gentle and Effective  
Laxative for Children.

Trial Size, 6d.; Standard Size, 1/7



## Renovations for sports togs

THOUGH they look like expensive models, this charming quartet of ultra-modern play clothes can be simply made from partly worn-out frocks and housecoats.



● Dashing tennis outfit made from an old white shirtwaist frock. Tailored top remains unchanged and skirt is converted into boyish shorts.



● A blue- and-white striped cotton housecoat and a remnant of plain blue cotton are teamed with fetching results.



● This engaging playsuit in red-and-white checked gingham was a housefrock last year. Clever fingers and a few yards of white rick-rack braid converted it into an adorable suit for life on the farm. A matching sunbonnet adds charm.



### His health is in your hands

When you suspect that your child's diet is lacking in essential nutritive elements, put him on to Horlicks straight away. He'll get extra energy . . . plenty of muscle-building protein . . . ample supplies of bone-building calcium . . . from every glass of Horlicks.

Horlicks is a complete food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% of first-class protein, largely derived from its full-cream milk content. And milk, remember, is one of Nature's best "protective" foods.

Calcium . . . essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones . . . is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in

Horlicks produces extra energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion. In fact, Horlicks is particularly safe for delicate children . . . it does not cause "upsets". They all love Horlicks. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things, without overloading the stomach.

You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



**For Your Emergency Store**  
In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced firmly.

**HORLICKS**



● An informal evening frock of white linen is deftly turned into a stunning bare-midriff swimsuit with brief overskirt. Indian pottery design border in vivid green and red gives an important flash of color.

### WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else 1/3.



### DANGER—germs at work!

Maybe you don't have your lunch out in the open air, but there are dozens of ways in which you can pick up germs. Don't give those carriers of disease a chance to harm your health. For safety's sake wash hands often with Guardian Health Soap. Its rich Triple Action lather soon gets rid of germs along with the dirt. And do you start the day with a bracing Guardian shower? Try it and see how refreshed and perked up you feel.

GUARD AGAINST GERMS WITH  
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FAMILY HEALTH SOAP



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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:  
 \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F2279



## Special Concession Pattern

### SMARTLY TAILORED BLOUSES

Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.  
 No. 1 requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.  
 No. 2 requires 2yds., 36ins. wide.  
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F3380



F2025



F3303

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



278

## PRETTY TEA-TRAY SET

THIS very charming set, which will bring a breath of spring to either supper or afternoon tea tray, is available traced on green, lemon, pink, and blue organdie. Complete set consisting of traycloth, tea-cosy, and serviette is available for 5/9, plus 6½d. postage. Individually: Cosy 2/6, traycloth 2/9, and 1/- for serviette, plus 4½d. extra for postage. Extra serviettes are available for 1/- each. No coupons required. Please quote No. 278 when ordering.

## NICE SUNSUIT!

AN ideal garment for either boy or girl (left). It can be worn with a blouse as a playsuit or as sunsuit for the beach. The design is available from our Needlework Department clearly traced on hardwearing linette in shades of green, lemon, blue, pink, ecru (deep cream), and white.



276

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 4/3 and 3 coupons; sizes 2 to 4 years, 4/11, 3 coupons, and postage is 6½d. extra. Paper pattern only, 1/4. Quote No. 276.

ATTRACTIVE FROCK for summer made on simple lines with princess top and gathered skirt will please your young lass. It comes to you traced on British floral haircord dimity in tonings of pink, blue, green, and orange. (Quote No. 277 when ordering).

The prices are 4 to 6 years, 6/11 and 7 coupons; 6 to 8 years, 7/11 and 7 coupons; and 8 to 10 years, 8/11 and 7 coupons. Postage is 9½d. extra and a paper pattern is available for 1/4.



277



F3368

F3368. — Attractive frock made in popular jumper-suit style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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F2025. — Engaging bare midriff swimsuit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. for suit and ½yd. for underneath trunks, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3303. — Pretty frock with full skirt coming from a fitted waistband. 6 to 12 years. Requires 2½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

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### "AILSA" IS A PRETTY FLORAL FROCK FOR SUMMER

"AILSA" is an immensely flattering style, featuring soft gathering and a six-panel skirt. It is available at our Fashion Frock Department either ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

"AILSA" is made in a good quality silk with dull crepe finish in an attractive all-over floral in blue, cyclamen, royal, and red tonings, with touches of green.

Ready to wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (12 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 43/11 (12 coupons).

Cut out ready to make yourself. Size 22, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (12 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 43/11 (12 coupons).

Postage 1/6½ extra. How to obtain "AILSA". In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3408, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at left. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



Ailsa

## How to cheat time beautifully

● Forty—or more? Why worry! You can shed years and keep youthful, alert, attractive if you—

- 1.—Watch your food intake.
- 2.—Take reasonable exercise.
- 3.—Know how and when to relax.
- 4.—Cultivate a serene mind.
- 5.—Groom yourself meticulously.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

**T**HE majority of women when nearing forty quake inwardly and expect life to become suddenly dreary, dull, and the future bleak and unattractive. What rubbish!

You can make yourself over at forty, forty-five, fifty, and be not only attractive but infinitely more interesting, more charming than Miss Twenty-Two.

It's a matter of sitting down and standing up before your mirror, and looking yourself over with the eye of a stranger.

Make note of your good points, and particular note of your bad points.

Look over figure, face, hair, the way you wear your clothes.

Now take mental stock of your way of living. Are you lazy or do you overwork? Do you overeat or do you eat sufficient of the right kind of food? Are you worrying unnecessarily about yourself, your family? If so, does your kind of worry help them? It certainly does not help you. A harassed, worrying woman does not make a good wife—or mother. She is not good company—even your best friends can be bored.

Learn to cultivate a serene mind. Mind you, a serene mind does not mean a lazy, phlegmatic, don't-care-what-happens attitude to life. Rather, it suggests a quiet strength, a wealth of understanding, and a cheerfulness under duress.

### Always be well groomed

EVERY woman of forty—or more—should always be well groomed.

This incorporates well-tended hair, skin, teeth, care of the eyes, and general appearance.

You should be very particular about your clothes, your feet, your hats.

And that need not cost money. A lot think that they could look as smart as Mrs. Raymond T. Whatnot if they had the money. But Mrs. R.T.W. would very likely still look like Mrs. R.T.W., if she had your money to spend on clothes. She would dress neatly, brush and tend her suits, hats, shoes. She would give her hair the hundred strokes with the brush every night, shampoo it regularly, and take pride in dressing it.

See what I mean?

She would not "slump" around the house untidily, but make over street dresses into neat house frocks, demoded unused evening dresses into attractive house gowns or dressing gowns.

If she went stockingless she would have her legs tanned up. The sun does that, and the cost is nil.

Many years for the perfect figure—girls sixteen, eighteen, twenty do that. But the woman of forty—or more—can have a beautiful figure—if she works for it.



EVERY WOMAN who has passed the fortieth milestone of her life can be charming, interesting, and very attractive to look at. If she is not, well, it is her own fault, as her own common sense will tell her. Read what Mary Rose, our beauty expert, has to say about the woman who can cheat time beautifully.

### For young wives and mothers



"NOW BILLY," says Miss Goldilocks (who has been taught to chew her food well), "you shouldn't swallow lumps of cake like that... and just look at your face!"

#### Proper mastication

IF the habit of chewing is taught early there will be no overlapping of teeth, as the jaws will develop and the teeth have plenty of room to be well spaced.

Proper mastication cannot be taught in a day, and it needs every mother's tact, patience and ingenuity often over a long period before she can firmly establish this habit.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

ALLEYNE LESLIE gives her answers to some questions concerning THAT FIRST DATE.



Q.: Coral's enjoyed herself a lot and hopes to see the new boy friend some more. When it comes to saying goodnight and he shows he's no old-fashioned wooer, what's her best move—

1. Put him severely in his place?
2. Head him off, giving hope for the future?
3. Let him have just one little kiss?

A.: No. 2 is your best bet, Coral dear. Hold his interest till next time by making sure your skin is so alluring he can't forget it. Under your powder—a flattering film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream! Then your make-up will stay flower-fresh in the limelight or under the moon.



Q.: Bill is a six-bob-a-day man. When he takes Prue out for the first time should she—

1. Offer to pay for herself?

2. Put on her glad rags and forget everything but fun?
3. Concentrate on making him feel he's had the most wonderful time for very little money?

A.: No. 3 is the only correct answer, Prue. But remember, every guy likes to be seen around with a girl who's smart enough to own a dewy-fresh, soft-looking skin. Try cleansing your complexion with Erasmic Cold Cream every night. It works!



Q.: At last you're going to meet that handsome Squadron Leader. Are you sure you know the best tactics? Should you—

1. Let him make all the moves?
2. Turn on a little extra glamour and be specially friendly and sympathetic?
3. Put over a sophisticated act, amusing him with stories of former conquests?

A.: Follow the rule in No. 2! A girl's most powerful ammunition is her glamour and a man always falls for adorably soft, smooth skin. Erasmic leads a girl to a table for two and romance that lasts for ever!



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FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 31, 1942

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## PRIZES for your RECIPES

● Sharing recipes is a custom as old as the hills. If you have one you are proud of pass it on to others — and win a cash prize.

**O**RIGINAL recipes created to meet the present needs on the kitchen front are welcome.

In sending in recipes check quantities carefully and explain the method clearly. Omit ingredients not easily procurable, and keep a check on the total cost of recipe.

The prize of the week goes to a dripping cake because, when it was tested and eaten fresh, it rivalled its more expensive neighbors. Sugar could be reduced to 1 cup, and 1½ teaspoons of fresh lemon rind and 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice are more effective as flavoring and for counteracting the dripping flavor than essence of lemon. Country women might use vinegar with the dripping cake.

The fried Rembrandt cakes are inexpensive and worth trying, but the cherry kuchen is irresistible and worth remembering for the special celebration dinner.

The Chelsea scones are a school tuckshop favorite. Remember the peaceful days of leisure morning tea and hot Chelsea buns? They were the yeast variety, but the Chelsea scone runs a good second.

The Yankee hash, especially made with corned beef, is a good supper concoction. In its homeland it would have pimento richly through it, and may be served with a sour cream sauce.

Kitchen experimenters will be interested in the haricot bean cake. It has that close Continental texture and is something quite different from the usual sponge or light butter mixture.

### AUSTERITY CAKE

Four cups flour, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups sultanas, salt, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons dripping, 4 teaspoons

baking powder, essence of lemon or fresh lemon rind, sufficient milk to make stiff dough.

Cream dripping and sugar, add essence, beaten eggs, and sultanas, then dry ingredients. Add sufficient milk to make stiff dough. Bake in moderate oven in a slab tin for 40 minutes.

These may be made into little cakes by placing spoonfuls on a greased slide or in patty tins.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Mary R. Doyle, c/o B. R. Doyle, Mertoun, Mungindi, N.S.W.

### CHELSEA SCONES

One pound plain flour, 3oz. sugar, 2oz. butter, 2oz. candied peel, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, salt.

Rub butter into flour, which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add half sugar, beat up egg, and mix three parts of it with milk. Make a dough with flour, egg, and milk, and roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board, paint with remainder of egg, sprinkle with remainder of sugar, and add lemon peel, finely chopped. Roll up like a bolster and cut with sharp knife into slices 1 inch thick. Place on a greased tin and bake in quick oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. F. Dalton, 11a Gurr's Rd., Benlah Park, S.A.

### REMBRANDT CAKES

One pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. castor sugar, 6oz. lard and margarine mixed, 1 egg, 1lb. chopped dates or currants, 2oz. shredded peel, pinch salt, milk or water.

Sieve flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in fat, add sugar and dates, stoned and chopped, or cleaned currants and peel. Beat up egg and mix into a stiff paste with milk or water.

Roll out about ¼ inch thick on a floured board, cut into rounds, and fry in a greased frying pan over gentle heat until pale brown. Turn and brown other side.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. McGeorge, 7 Tanner's Ave., Kogarah, N.S.W.

### CHERRY KUCHEN

One cup cake or pastry flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 3 level tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Mix dry ingredients. Work in shortening. Add beaten egg to milk, then add to dry ingredients. Form in an even layer in a greased oblong pan—about 6 x 8 inches. Make a filling of 2 cups stewed, unsweetened cherries, drained, 1 cup cherry juice, 1 cup honey (or less), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg-yolk, 3 tablespoons cream. Spread cherries and honey over dough, sprinkle with cinnamon. Beat together egg-yolk, cream, and cherry juice; pour it over cherries. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Malm, Room 1, 2nd Floor, 80 Bathurst St., Sydney.

### YANKEE HASH WITH APPLE RINGS

Three level tablespoons lard, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 cup milk or water, 2 cups chopped corned beef, cooked, or any minced cooked meat, 2 cups cubed, boiled potatoes.

Melt lard or butter in frying pan. Add onion, brown slightly. Mix milk or water with meat and potatoes. Add to onions. Mix well, then spread out evenly in a frying pan. Cook slowly. As bottom browns, keep lifting and cutting it in. Just before serving, fold over like an omelet. Serve with fried apple rings.

Apple Rings: Two cooking apples, 2 level tablespoons lard, little castor sugar, and red-currant jelly. Cut apples into ¼-inch slices, core and fry in hot lard. Fry on both sides until nicely browned. Sprinkle with castor sugar, and fill centres with red jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

### LAMBS' BRAINS IN TOMATO CASES

Wash and skin 2 sets of lambs' brains. Parboil, drain, and cool. Melt 1oz. butter in saucepan, add 1 tablespoon flour and cook 1 minute. Remove pulp from 6 large tomatoes, add to butter and flour, season with salt, pepper, little grated nutmeg, slice brains and add. Fill tomato cases with mixture, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 13 Thomas St., Port Pirie, S.A.

### SPICED BEEF

Fry one small onion in a little butter or margarine golden-brown. Trim fat off 1lb. beef, cut meat in two-inch lengths, and fry golden-brown. Put 4 cloves and 2 chopped walnuts in bottom of a casserole, add steak and onion and just cover with water. Cook slowly until done, and then thicken. Leave to simmer. Serves four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Ridgway, 350 Goodwood Rd., Col. Light Gardens, S.A.

FRUIT and vegetables should be squeezed just before serving. They are valuable sources of the essential vitamin C, which is easily lost in cooking, storage, or exposure to the air.

### MOCK APPLE PIE

Take 4 chokos, peel and slice into small, thin pieces. Boil until tender. Drain, and then mash with 1 cup of sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Line a tart plate with pastry, then put in choko filling, cover with pastry, sprinkle with sugar, cook until pastry is cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Mabs Stevens, Mab-Royce, 31 Lane Cove Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

### HARICOT BEAN CAKE

Nine ounces haricot beans, 5oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs (yolks and whites used separately), 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons soft crumbs, essence of vanilla, butter for greasing cake tin and top of cake, flour for dusting cake tin, glazed cherries and green lemon peel for decorating, jam for filling the cake.

Icing: 6oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons fruit juice or cherry brandy, cochineal for coloring the icing if desired.

Soak haricot beans overnight, next day cook them but do not cook too soft, sieve. (This is best done the day before making the cake.) Beat sugar and yolks well, gradually mixing in the vanilla essence, sieved beans, sifted baking powder, crumbs, and finally the whites of eggs beaten into a stiff froth.

Grease a cake tin well, dust with flour, then shake out carefully. Pour in cake mixture, grease on top, bake for one hour in moderate oven. Turn out, allow to cool, then cut horizontally in halves, spread with jam, set together again, cover with icing. Decorate attractively with glazed cherries and green lemon peel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Margaret H. Gallia, 3 Flat, 25 Kareela Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

### MOCK BRAINS

One large cup cooked rolled oats, 1 egg, a little flour, pepper, and salt. Season rolled oats with pepper and salt and mix well. Place on a flat dish or saucer (so that mixture will be at least ¼-inch thick). When set, firm, and cold, cut into brain shapes. Dip in egg and then in flour, and fry in hot fat until a deep golden-brown. Serve hot.

This mixture is equal to about 1 set of brains.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mona Sheehan, Parsons Creek, Gobarralong, via Coolac, N.S.W.

### BAKED TRIPE WITH APPLE STUFFING

Simmer 1½lb. tripe in place until tender. Cook 4 large apples with sugar and cloves to taste, then mash with pepper and salt and a little butter.

Fill the tripe with this mixture, roll up, and tie securely. Put into a casserole, and dot with butter. Add 1 pint thin brown sauce. Bake one hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve with green peas, shredded carrot, and new potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. O'Brien, Otago Rd., Vineyard, N.S.W.

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**COLD LAMB PLATTER** with salad should find a welcome place on the warmer weather menus. Above are slices of rolled shoulder, mayonnaise-coated cutlets, and salad croquettes.

## MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB and then she had some more!

● Hurrah for Mary and hurrah for the lamb—it tastes good and it need not make a meal expensive. It's just a matter of knowing the cuts . . . What to buy and how to serve.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**LET** us check over all the cuts.

**Shanks:** Braised with or without vegetables are very tasty and inexpensive. Served with roast potatoes they make a most satisfactory dinner.

**Neck:** Should be braised or stewed. It is best cut into thick slices by the butcher.

**Shoulder:** Can be oven or pot roasted as a square-cut joint, a boned and stuffed cushion shoulder, or a boned and rolled shoulder. Shoulder chops are of three types: The round shoulder chop with a small centre bone, which may be grilled or braised, the blade shoulder chops with a longer bone for grilling, or the underblade chop from which the rib and vertebrae can be easily removed and a rolled, boneless slice, excellent for grilling, obtained.

**Loin:** The most expensive section. Cutlets and loin chops are tender for grilling. Cutlets are best crumbed before frying. The loin can be boned and rolled for easy carving. The crown roast is made from two loins sewn together with the ribs trimmed and turned out in crown fashion.

**Breast:** Can be boned and rolled or stuffed for braising, or cut in cubes for stewing. Breast ribs can be made by removing the breast

bone and cutting the rib sections. They can be very slowly grilled or braised.

**Leg of Lamb:** Can be cut in three, the thick fleshy end roasted, the centre chops grilled, and the end braised. The thick end may be boned and sewn into a sirloin lamb roast. The frenched leg has the bone end trimmed, is roasted whole, and the bone garnished with a paper frill.

My recipes are for cold lamb collations because roasting and braising recipes have been given recently, and the sun reminds us that "summer is a-coming in."

### SEASONED LAMB LAYER LOAF

Two cups finely-minced lamb, 1 cup bread seasoning (such as sage and onion stuffing or veal seasoning), 1 egg, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, little stock or milk.

Combine the lamb, soft breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, beaten egg, and a little milk if too dry. Place half the mixture in a greased bar cake tin, cover with the seasoning, and then add the remainder of the meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve cold, in slices, with salad.

### SUMMER LAMB PIES

Bake small pastry cases, flavoring the pastry with a little grated cheese. In each cold, cooked pastry case place a crisp lettuce leaf or a spoonful of shredded lettuce. Fill with diced or minced cooked lamb, moistened with salad dressing. Sprinkle lightly with freshly-chopped mint and top with a small spoonful of grated radish or carrot.

### LAMB SALAD CUTLETS

Trim cooked cold cutlets neatly and brush with strained mint sauce or lemon juice. Dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatine in 1 cup salad dressing or well-seasoned and flavored white sauce. While still warm, pour over each chop. When set, trim, garnish with chopped parsley, paprika or pimento strips or grated carrot, and serve with salad vegetables.

### GLAZED LAMB SLICES

Slice rolled out of cooked lamb thinly. Prepare a glaze of 2 tablespoons currant or mint jelly, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Warm to blend and cool. Before the glaze sets brush each slice with mixture. A fine sprinkle of chopped chives or eschalot will make these slices very delicious.

## KITCHEN CUTOUTS

Basic Recipe No. 19

### RICH FRUIT CAKE

Suitable for Christmas or wedding celebrations

**HALF-POUND BUTTER**, 1½ brown sugar, 1½ white sugar, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons sherry or milk, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3½ mixed fruit (such as raisins, sultanas, cherries, peel), 1 dessertspoon caramel coloring.

Prepare a round or square tin (above quantity for 8-inch tin) by lining with four thicknesses of paper. Prepare a very slow oven (300 deg. F.). Sift the flour, soda, and spices. Prepare the fruit. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, and beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the sherry or milk and half the fruit. Stir in half the flour and then the remainder of the fruit and flour. Add the caramel.

Cook in a very slow oven (275-325 deg. F.).

(1) The above quantity in an 8-inch round or square tin from 3½ to 4 hours at 300 deg. F.

(2) Half the quantity in a 5-inch round or square tin for 2½ hours at 325 deg. F.

(3) Double the quantity in a 12-inch round or square tin for 5½ to 6 hours at 275 deg. F.

The cake should be placed and cooked in a slow oven for moist, even cooking. Half way during cooking the cake may be covered with brown paper to keep the top moist. If difficulty is found in maintaining a very low temperature in an oven with automatic heat control, reduce the heat from the main tap.

When removing cake from tin, do not remove paper. Leave paper on cake until cutting or icing.

This cake will keep fresh for many months if kept in a tightly-lidded tin. It is suitable for a Christmas or wedding mixture, or for posting to servicemen.

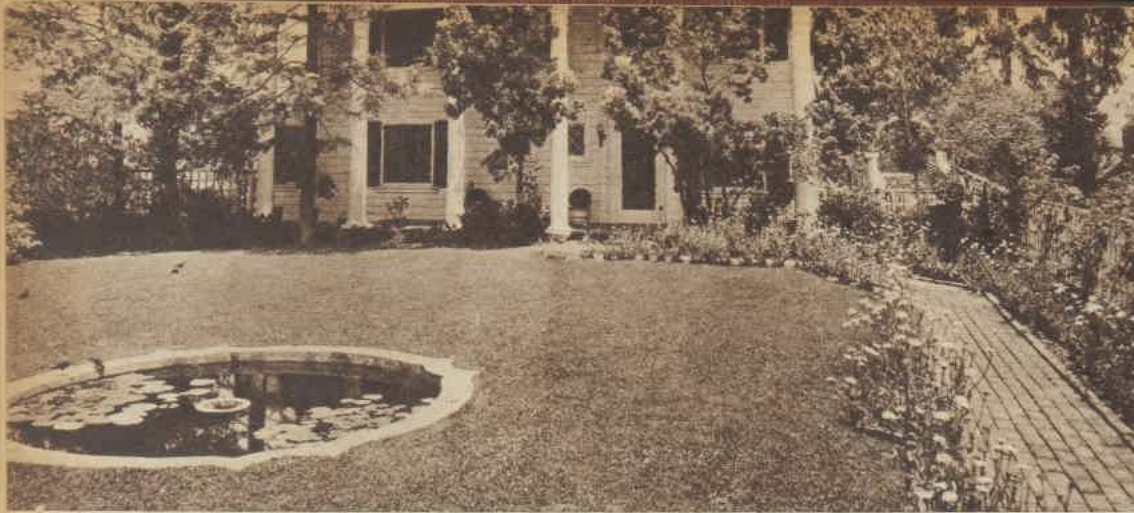
### CALIFORNIAN LAMB SALAD

Fifteen minutes before mealtime marinate 1 cup cubed, cold, cooked lamb, 1 cup green peas, and 1 cup diced parsnips in enough clear salad dressing (vinegar or lemon juice and oil) or mint sauce. Arrange in lettuce cups, top with a spoonful of salad dressing, and serve with quartered hard-boiled eggs. Serve in American style with raisin bran muffins and iced lemon tea.

### SALAD CROQUETTES

Two cups finely-minced lamb, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper and salt, milk or beaten egg, and browned crumbs for coating.

Combine ingredients and roll into balls. Brush with egg or milk and coat with breadcrumbs. Deep fry until golden brown and no longer. Serve cold with salad vegetables.



A WELL-KEPT LAWN is as necessary to the charm and appearance of your home as flowers, shrubs, and trees. In dry areas, of course, a "stream of tender green turf" is an impossibility, but if you follow our Home Gardener's advice given in the accompanying article you can have a reasonably good lawn, despite droughty conditions. In areas where the sprinkler can work overtime, or where the rainfall is normal, a green, close-clipped lawn can be yours to enjoy all through summer—if you look after it.

## Summer care of the lawn

● Make the most of your lawn despite weather conditions. Tend it, feed it, and you'll reap your reward—says Our Home Gardener

**I**MPORTANT points in the late spring and summer care of the lawn are to use a really sharp mower and keep the grass short from the start.

It is only by doing this that a thick, even sward can be obtained. Use the box or catcher on the mower in the late spring, but as the season advances, or during long, dry, droughty periods, remove the catcher now and then.

The lawn trimmings will protect the roots of the grass from the strong rays of the sun.

There is still time to renovate lawns that are patchy. In the case of new lawns in which seed germination was uneven, or where big patches died out last summer, I have found the following method useful:

Mix together as much couch or bent grass seed (or whatever your variety happens to be) and sufficient soil to cover the bare patches lightly. Then soak an old sack in water, place it on the floor of a shed or an even footpath, and spread the mixture on the bag.

If kept damp the seeds will begin to germinate in four or five days, and the mixture can then be scattered lightly on the bare patches. It should be patted down lightly with a plasterer's trowel or a piece of flat wood.

By this method the risk of birds eating the seed is much reduced. When the young grass has taken root, a light dressing of sifted soil should be scattered over the whole lawn.

Top-dressings cannot be too frequent during the early life of a lawn.

Many mowers now have iron or aluminium rollers at the back in addition to the front rollers, and where such are used rolling with an ordinary roller is unnecessary. On heavy soils too frequent rolling will result in the formation of a crust on the surface. This will prevent air from reaching the roots of the grass.

Should this occur, spiking the surface with an ordinary garden fork will work wonders.

### Feeding the grass

**W**HEN applying artificial fertilisers to lawns it should be remembered that they are most effective when used early in the season, and, above all, should never be applied during hot, dry weather.

Young grass that is still very tender cannot stand strong fertilisers. If it is found necessary to add plant food to a new lawn, nurse it along with light dressings of fine bonemeal, well-decayed compost, or finely-sifted soil to which lawn fertilizer is added at the rate of 1oz. per square yard of lawn.

Weeds are sure to make their appearance and should be removed as they appear.

Special weeders can be obtained for a couple of shillings and with their aid rubbishy growth can be removed easily and quickly.

If, however, weeds are so numerous that patches are left when they are removed, these should be treated as recommended. Weeds can be eliminated chemically, however, by applying either a mixture of 1lb. of arsenic pentoxide dissolved in 8 gallons of water, or mixing up 1lb. sulphate of ammonia, 1lb. sulphate of iron, and an equal part of sand.

This mixture is known as lawn-sand and should be sufficient for dewatering 1000 square feet of lawn. The sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of iron mixture is applied dry, but should be watered well immediately afterwards.

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL CAPERS



## Why women suffer from exhaustion

● It's the confusion, the tearing from one thing to another, lack of organisation and planning that wear you down.

—Says MEDICO

**M**RS. BARTON sank into a chair. "Since we've been at war, there just aren't enough hours in the day." She drew one hand wearily across her forehead. "If the days were only longer" . . . she sighed as she went on with her story.

If your day, too, has become one of extra hurry and toil, remember this: The thing which will help Australia most is to have you employ your time wisely.

Exhausted people aren't able to give their utmost, physically or mentally. Yet there are many women who are wearing themselves into a weakened condition. All are well-meaning, patriotic, ambitious; but they are running about from meeting to meeting, job to job.

After all there are just so many hours in each day, therefore no one person can do all the jobs offering. But you can work hard, employing every valuable minute, and still remain fit and on your toes!

The magic formula? It isn't magic, it's simply planning your day properly. A well-planned day runs smoothly, leaves you free of that feeling of exhaustion. Good, hard, steady work never hurt anybody. It's the confusion, the tearing from one thing to another, the lack of organisation and planning which wear you down. There's a good

motto for to-day: "This one thing I do."

A wise step before rushing into war work is to decide which branch interests you most. Next, ask yourself if you're as capable of doing this work as others are. For instance, can you use your hands? The Red Cross needs people who can knit, sew, and roll bandages well.

This settled, take one more thing into consideration. You must plan so that your work doesn't interfere with keeping the home fires burning. A wife whose house is disorganised and who is over-tired and cross because of war work, who hasn't time for her husband's and children's problems, just isn't doing her country the greatest service. Morale of the citizens is of utmost importance in winning wars, for it backs up the men in the front lines.

You may find you'll have completely to reorganise your week. But what does it matter if you do the washing on Saturday and go to the Red Cross depot on Monday? Can't mending be done in the evening while you're talking with the family?

You see, housewives have a marvellous opportunity to be of service with the new war jobs, yet happy at home with the old ones! It's a big task you're undertaking; but if you plan it right it can be done capably, untriflingly, and — with a smile! The smile means morale and morale spells victory.



Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

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Three more readers collect cash prizes in our coupon-saving contest for their ingenuity.



**EVENING FROCK** to dressing-gown. This very attractive gown cost reader nothing, and saved many coupons.



**JOHN LINGHAM**, of Kilara, wearing the sweater his mother made from sleeves of her woolly and left-over wool.

THE main prize of £1 goes to Mrs. Lingham, of Kilara, for the child's hand-knit sweater illustrated on this page. She writes:

"I HAD a hand-knitted, long-sleeved ribbed jumper in strawberry-pink 3-ply and a ball of white wool (less than an ounce) 3-ply left over from my child's winter singlets. I cut the sleeves of my jumper off short, leaving me with a wearable garment. Then I washed and unravelled the remainder of the sleeves, and with the two lots of wool I made this striped sweater for my 3-year-old."

Length of garment, 13ins.; length of sleeve, 6ins. 3oz. strawberry-pink, 1oz. white, Nos. 11 and 9 needles, 3 small buttons, 1 press stud.

**BACK:** Using pink wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 76 stitches, work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins, knitting into back of stitches for first row. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking-stitch, working 4 rows white and 4 rows pink, until 8ins. have been worked. Shape armholes by casting off 3 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows. Knit 2 together at each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins. shape shoulders by casting off 6 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

**FRONT:** Work same as back until armholes measure 2ins.

**Next Row:** Pink wool, k 25 (leave on spare needle), cast off 8 stitches; k 25. Continue on last 25 sts. and knit 2 together at neck edge of next

4 rows, then every second row 3 times. When armhole measures 4ins. shape shoulder by casting off 6 stitches at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

**SLEEVES:** Using No. 11 needles cast on 10 stitches, working in pink wool from top of sleeve, increase one stitch at end of each row, continuing in pink to match yoke of sweater. Match up with white on purl row, and continue in stripes. Beginning with white stripe increase 2 stitches at end of each needle on alternate rows. With 68 stitches on needle and pink wool work last strip 1in. wide. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP:** Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving an opening on left shoulder. Sew in sleeves, seam to seam. Pick up 80 stitches round neck with No. 11 needles, and right side of work towards you, and work k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast-off loosely. Sew on buttons and press stud at neck opening. Work loops for buttons.



### Patchwork skirt

**MISS J. BROGAN**, of Newcastle, wins 5/- for this suggestion:

"Almost every girl," she says, "has at least one white blouse. With that she must have a skirt, so why not have one entirely different—one that will not cost one penny or take any coupons—one like mine."

"All you have to do is to collect all your odd scraps and stitch them together until they measure about 2 yards in length and 36 inches in width. Either keep to cotton or silk patches, depending upon blouse. Mine was lawn, so I used cotton patches."

"Trim off material, place on pattern, then cut out. Tack back and front together to your own fitting, add band to waist (leaving 5ins. for placket). Then sew, and hey presto! there you have it, a colorful skirt that will stand you in good stead all through the summer."

### Dressing-gown

"I THINK my idea may help other readers and save many coupons for them, too," writes Miss F. Abraham, of Roseville, who wins 5/- for her coupon-saving idea.

"My evening frock was four years old, but of soft, good quality taffeta. Note sketch as to style."

"I cut off bottom of the pink satin slip (which is now used for street wear) and used the spare pieces to make yoke, collar, belt, bands for sleeves and cover buttons. Gathering in front of bodice was unpicked, and also front of skirt at waist, and surplus was cut out and the waist restitched. This surplus from waist was ample to face front of dressing-gown when cut down the centre."

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

**MAKE** black boot-polish last longer by rubbing your shoes with newspaper. The printer's ink does the leather good. It gives a lovely shine.

**THIS** hint comes from England. Holes in enamel basins can be mended with sealing wax. Heat, place on and around hole, wet thumb, and press down gently but firmly. Do this both inside and outside basin.

**BY** some mischance a member of the services got lipstick on his summer uniform. Soap and water wouldn't remove stain, so he telephoned me. I told him to do this: Put pad of clean material under mark and apply eucalyptus with cotton-wool, changing the cotton-wool as it becomes soiled. Keep rubbing around outer edge of mark inwards to avoid a "ring" mark. Any oily residue will evaporate.

**White**  
IS  
**RIGHT!**

White shoes that are really white win instant approval. Keep yours snowy and smart with Shu-Milk. It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, gives your shoes a soft snow-white smartness that is the very foundation of good dressing.

IN BOTTLES  
AND TUBES  
6D. AND 1/-

**Shu-Milk**  
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

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**BOVRIL**

Because of war-time shipping difficulties, you may sometimes be unable to get Bovril just when you want it. Use it sparingly, therefore, so that you can tide over the period of shortage. Bovril is highly concentrated, and a little goes a long way.



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YOUR COMPLEXION TO RADIANT YOUTHFULNESS



Perfect your makeup  
with smooth-textured  
"Three Flowers" Face  
Cream.



For you—whatever your type—there's all the charm of a radiant, youthful complexion in every box of "Three Flowers" Face Powder. "Three Flowers" is lighter, finer, won't cake or streak, veils tiny skin blemishes and accents your natural beauty.

Available in five shades to suit all types at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

**three flowers**  
FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT, LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

## Hand-knit frock for the summer



● This lacy, lovely dress has been designed to fit sizes 34 to 36. Six coupons needed for wool. Do knit it for yourself



INSET ABOVE is a close-up of the pattern simulating insertion panels. Immediately above you see size 34 in the dress. Note the cord finishing at waistline and the way sleeves are puffed up at the shoulder-line.

If you want a light-hearted woolen for the cooler days of summer you'll not pass by this design.

**Materials:** Patons' Super-Scotch fingering wool, 2-ply, 10½oz.; 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles; 1 No. 12 crochet hook; 3 small buttons; 1 27-inch length of petersham; press studs.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-36-inch bust. Length of skirt, 25ins.; waist, 27ins.; length from shoulder to lower edge, 40ins.; sleeve seam, 6ins.

**Tension:** 7 stitches (1 lace pattern) to 1in., patted out lightly, on No. 10 needles.

### PATTERN

**1st Row:** (P 1), \* wool forward, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., wool round needle, \* (p 1).

**2nd Row:** (K 1), \* p 7 (k 1).

**3rd Row:** (P 1), \* k 1, w, fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w, fwd., k 1, \* (p 1).

**4th Row:** As 2nd.

**5th Row:** (P 1), \* k 2, w, fwd., slip 1 knitways, k 2 tog., pass slipped stitch over, w, fwd., k 2, \* (p 1).

**6th Row:** As 2nd.

These 6 rows form the pattern. The brackets represent the rib panels and stitches between each lace pattern, but the number of stitches in the rib panel will vary with each part of the dress. All skirt shapings are made on the rib panels and the lace pattern panels remain the same throughout.

### SKIRT (Worked in 4 pieces)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 132 sts. **1st Row:** (P 4), \*\* repeat from \* to \* of 1st row (p 6), repeat from \*\* ending p 4.

Continue in pattern, decreasing 1 stitch by purling together the last 2 stitches in each purl rib on 1st row of 13th pattern (no decrease in p 4 at beginning and end of row).

Work straight until 19th pattern has been done, then decrease as before in 1st row of 20th pattern.

Change to No. 10 needles at start of 21st pattern, and continue decreasing thus at beginning of 26th, 32nd, and 37th patterns, and on these last three decrease rows k 2 tog. at beginning and end of row.

Work straight until 40th pattern has been done, then cast off.

Work 2 more pieces the same. Then knit a 4th piece the same until the 32nd pattern has been done.

Now cast on 6 stitches at the end of the 1st row of the 33rd pattern.

**Next Row:** K 6, continue in pattern to the end of the row.

**Next Row:** Knit in pattern to last 6 stitches, p 5, k 1. Now continue in pattern as given for the other 3 pieces, keeping the 6 stitches at the side in stocking-stitch until 40th pattern has been done. Cast off.

### THE BODICE (Back)

Cast on 103 sts. on No. 10 needles. **1st Row:** Knit in pattern to the last 6 stitches, p 5, k 1.

**Next Row:** K 6, knit in pattern to end of row. Continue in this manner until 5th pattern is completed.

**Next Row:** Increase 1 stitch in each purl rib, including 1st and last ribs, all along. Continue in pattern, increasing as before in every purl rib at the beginning of the 10th pattern, until 15th pattern has been done, at the same time casting off 6 stitches at the beginning of the 2nd row of the 8th pattern.

Here shape armholes: Cast off 7 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at beginning of next 10 rows. Now work straight until 5th row of 25th pattern is completed. Here shape shoulder: Cast off 8 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

### FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 113 sts. Work exactly as for back until 18th pattern has been done. Here divide for neck.

**Next Row (19th pattern):** Work 48 sts., inc. in next st., turn (slip remaining sts. on to spare needles).

Work on these 48 sts. for 4 patterns.

**23rd Pattern—1st Row:** In pattern.

**2nd Row:** Shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at beg. of row.

**Next Row:** Work to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg., work to end.

Repeat last 2 rows twice. Now work 2 tog. at neck edge on



LIKE THE FROCK? Maize-yellow—an enchanting shade that suits the very fair and the dusky-haired type. If you are inclined to sallowness, however, do not choose this colored wool.

every row until 36 sts. remain. Work straight to end of 25th pattern. Shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at armhole edge on next 4 alternate rows. Rejoin wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond (not inc. at centre).

### THE SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles, cast on 89 sts. **1st Row:** (P 1) \* w, fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., w, r.n. (p 1), repeat from \* to end.

Work straight until 3 patterns have been done.

**4th Pattern—1st Row:** Inc. 1 st. in each p rib, including rib at each end of row. Work straight, inc. in the same way at beginning of 7th pattern until 9th pattern has been done. Shape top by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every 4th row to end of 17th pattern.

**Next Row:** Work 2 tog. at each end of row.

**Next Row:** In pattern. Repeat last 2 rows until 21st pattern has been done. Cast off.

### COLLAR

(Worked in two parts.) Cast on 43 sts.

**1st Row:** \* P 3, lace pattern, rep. from \*, ending p 3.

Work straight until 1 pattern is done, then start the shapings by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next and every alternate row until 4 remain. Cast off.

Work another piece the same, reversing shaping.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew together four pieces of skirt, leaving 4th seam open. Cut a 27-inch length of petersham and stitch to waistline. Arrange pleats to lie straight down skirt, and press well with hot iron and damp cloth, taking care pleats all lie the same way. Sew the 4th seam, leaving placket opening. Sew together side seams of bodice, leaving placket opening. Join shoulder and sleeve seams and make inverted pleats top and bottom of sleeve to fit the arm. Sew bodice firmly to skirt. Sew on press studs. Work a row of double crochet round collar, sleeve edges, and neck opening, making 3 loops for buttons. Sew on collar, easing it in so that shoulder seam corresponds with end of collar. Sew on buttons. Make a twisted cord and tie around waist.

## The food that Ends IRREGULARITY in one week!



If you are over 35, and relying on harsh remedies to keep you regular, you should know these home truths about purging! This habit of shocking your system into action may be doing you serious injury. Over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people over 35 are said to be caused by the over-use of harsh remedies.

### Lack of "bulk" causes irregularity.

The one safe way to end irregularity is by getting at the cause of your trouble. Nine out of ten times, the cause is lack of "bulk". Our modern, over-refined meals usually have the "bulk"

cooked out of them.

### Here's concentrated "bulk".

Fortunately, there's a pleasant way to get that vital "bulk" into your diet. Start off each morning with Kellogg's All-Bran. This specially prepared, nut-sweet breakfast food gives you concentrated "bulk". As Kellogg's All-Bran passes into the system the delicate internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast each morning (served with milk and sugar), and inside a week you'll be enjoying healthy regularity. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!

## Mending our ways...



**I**T is our plain duty to mend, wash, and press as we go in these days of austerity.

Nowadays if you are among the wise you are applying the stitch-in-time policy to all clothing and house linen.

You give your clothes a week-end inspection, clean off all marks and spots, air and press them.

Woolies are not put away directly after wearing to serve as a feast for the moths. They are washed before and then packed away with naphthalene.

If you feel that washing a jumper or cardigan is a hazardous business you can forget your fears.

Stretching or shrinkage will not take place if you follow the advice given at left (note illustrations). Woolies should be washed in warm soapsuds and rinsed in clear, warm water, dried as directed.

Overhaul the laundry before you wash. Mend all tears and darn places going thin; sew on buttons, tapes, etc.

**CARELESS WASHING** will shrink handkerchiefs. Measure your jumper before washing it so that you can pull it gently into shape and size while it is drying.



**UNLESS** shoulders of your jumper are already reinforced, sew a piece of tape carefully along the seam—to prevent the stitches from shrinking or stretching.



**AFTER WASHING**, lay jumper on a clean towel and arrange it to original measurements. Now roll it tightly to dry out excessive moisture, unroll and dry flat in a draught of warm air.



**PACK YOUR LINEN** away neatly after a close inspection. Renew buttons or tapes on pillow-slips. Alternate wearing of sheets if your stock is big enough. It pays!



### Think of the women of Russia

Russia's women show a fine sense of perspective; a philosophy that puts first things first. Let us set their magnificent example against temptations to self-indulgence.

We are learning to cut our coats to the cloth of war, but we can cut them closer yet. We may take just pride in costless ingenuity, but we must stand firm against the lure of selfish spending. Conscience can make heroines of us all. The more we save, the more we do for peace. And the more we shall have to spare for Tootal fabrics and the other worthwhile pleasures of to-morrow's brave new world.

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In support of the War Savings Certificate Scheme

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DRESSED in her Sunday best, dolly is very sweet. Her name is Suzanne.

### How to make baby's dolly

**Y**OU need a discarded silk stocking, some cardboard, cotton-wool, and some scraps.

**THE HEAD:** This is made in two halves—back and front—which are sewn together with a strip of cardboard measuring 5 inches long and 4 1/2 inches wide between them. This cardboard extends from head down body and supports the doll.

Cut two circles of stocking fabric 5 1/2 inches in diameter. This allows for seams. Gather up the circles and pad each with a ball of cotton-wool (stockings cut up finely will serve). Flatten them so that they measure about 2 1/2 inches across and 1 inch through.

On the front piece embroider the features of the face. The eyes are worked in blue satin-stitch and outlined with black. Eyebrows are done in stemstitch and eyelashes are composed of small stitches. The mouth is worked in red and a little rouge is dusted on cheeks.

Stitch one end of cardboard to the back of the face part, then sew the back half of the head in position with the cardboard protruding at the neck. Cover the neck with a small piece of fabric and sew securely.

**THE BODY:** Cut the material 6 1/2 inches long by 4 1/2 inches wide. Join the edges measuring 4 1/2 inches wide for side-seams and join along bottom. Pad the lower part of the body, then place the cardboard strip that extends from the head in the body and complete the padding. Sew the top up and gather the neck and sew head securely.

**THE ARMS:** Cut two pieces of material 5 inches by 3 inches. Sew the 5-inch seams together, tapering at wrist and padding firmly. Bind wrists with cotton, sew to shoulders.

**THE LEGS:** Cut 2 pieces of material 5 1/2 inches long by 4 inches wide. Fold them lengthwise, sew

and shape for ankles. Cut 2 pieces of cardboard to shape of feet, cover with material, and pad slightly for toes and sew each piece to bottom of leg. Pad legs and sew to body.

**THE HAIR:** Can be made from old wool knitted in loops or as preferred. The dress, bonnet, etc., can be made from odd scraps.



### HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

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### Facing the music

War has given us a chance to show our mettle.

And it is only fair that we should share of men's responsibilities. But while we work for Victory we must guard against personal neglect. We must not surrender our claim to charm.

Never must we tolerate the betrayal of careless grooming, for good looks and good morale are the closest of allies.

Put your best face forward—

*Yardley*

YM2-42

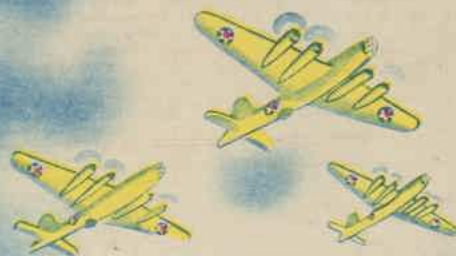
### LIKE TO FEEL FIT AGAIN?

When you are at your best in vigorous normal health there is a spring in your stride, snap in everything you do, sparkle in your eyes, and boundless resources of energy to call on, day or night?

Well, you can recover this normal fitness and energy, though the years may have moved on. You can throw off quickly the effects of war strain, domestic or business worries, and face the future with new confidence. All you need is WINGARNIS, the natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain. WINGARNIS is blended from choice wines and two kinds of strengthening vitamins. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men prove how WINGARNIS brings back the alertness of health. You'll feel better, brighter in mind and stronger in body, with the first glass of WINGARNIS. It is the "No-Waiting Tonic." Ask your chemist for WINGARNIS.

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